

# Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review

---

VOL. VII. No. 2. *"I have gathered me a garland of other men's flowers, and nothing, ...  
.... but the thread that binds them is mine own." —Montaigne* JUNE, 1891

---

Married Women in Fiction....M. W. Hazeltine....North Amer. Review

The true artist has never needed any counsel from the social philosopher touching his duty. He has always known where his true field lay, though he has not always been allowed by current preconception to explore it. It is quite needless to point out that the French novelist has never encountered conventional restrictions, but has been left at liberty to study human nature in all its aspects. To pause to demonstrate this would be, indeed, to preach to the converted. It may be well, however, to remark, because it is sometimes overlooked, that, if the married woman dominates French fiction, this is from a deliberate conviction that the realm belongs to her, and not from any incapacity on the author's part to delineate the winning, but scarcely enthralling, simplicity of maidenhood. George Sand, in the third and tranquil stage of her creative activity, could produce a series of inimitable pastorals and idyls; and Balzac could pass from the study of a face as haunting and elusive as that of *La Femme de Trente Ans*, or of personalities so complex as those of *Mme. de Langeais*, *Mme. de Sérizy*, and *Diane de Maufrigneuse*, to the faithful portrayal of the untroubled, artless features of *Eugénie Grandet*. Octave Feuillet also showed a power of depicting with nice appreciation the young unmarried girl, and it was simply for artistic reasons that he touched the theme but seldom, and then assigned to it a smaller canvas than that which he allotted to his woman of the world. It was by those stories that began instead of ending with a wedding, by, for instance, *La Petite Comtesse* and *Camors*, that Feuillet desired to be remembered. Tolstoi, also, can draw virgin innocence with extraordinary softness and tenderness of touch; yet it is rather on a face that speaks of

---

*For Table of Contents, Book List and Magazine Reference see previous pages.*

---

Copyrighted, 1891, by The Current Literature Publishing Co.

struggle and of anguish that his camera is focussed in Anna Karénina, by far the greatest of his works. It is as if the Russian had proclaimed in that novel what in old age he was to disavow, but which no lapse of years or loss of sight could interdict Milton from asserting in the greatest of epics, that it was not possible for Adam to love Eve truly until she had eaten of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, and that, once awakened to that passion, he could bear with resignation even banishment from Eden. The English novel has had a curious history. It had a double origin in the Tartuffism of Richardson and the truth-telling of Fielding; or, as some might prefer to say, the idealism of Pamela and the realism of Tom Jones. Owing to a conflux of reasons which it might take long to define, but which for the most part have their roots in the Anglo-Saxon character, Richardson conquered, and until quite recently it seemed that his conquest was unshakable. The two streams of artistic purpose soon ceased to run separate; the one speedily submerged and, to all appearances, annihilated the other. That did not happen to Fielding's conception of the novel which is fabled to have befallen Arethusa, who could send her own shaft of fresh lymph unmingled and inviolate through the waves of the salt sea. Extinction, not effacement, seemed the doom of the English realist. "No man," cried Thackeray, with a quick gesture of impatience and the ring of anger in his voice,—“no Englishman since Fielding has dared to depict life as it is.” It was natural that Thackeray should chafe and smart under the gyves, for he was far too true an artist to do what smaller men have often had recourse to—seek to evade too stifling and dwarfing conditions by bestowing upon maidenhood ideas and emotions which, as a rule, it cannot know. On the contrary, having to draw a carefully brought-up young girl, he made her what every man who has had a daughter, or a sister, knows her in truth to be; he drew Amelia Sedley. Clever women scoff at poor Amelia, and tax Thackeray with a covert insult in making a child the heroine of a resplendent novel. Their indignation, however, is directed at the wrong object. Thackeray took the English novel as the public and the publishers had cramped it, and made the best of it. He could not be expected in his poverty, with a lot of weaker creatures dependent on him, to attempt a literary revolution. But he never pretended that

Amelia was a type of womanhood. He averred simply that she was a type of guileless, unruffled virginity; and in saying that he told the truth. Other English novelists have shown a far less sensitive and unswerving literary conscience. We refer not merely to the feebler hands, but to some of the greatest masters. They have cheated the public, which they dared not confront. They have striven to slip out of the fetters, which they dared not boldly rend asunder. Scott himself, ay, and George Eliot, have been culprits in this kind. They have over and over again produced a full-grown woman on their canvas, but, to lull the reader's prejudice, they have labelled her "young girl." False art, involving fatal weakness, in spite of its strange seductiveness! The most enthralling figures in Scott's gallery are at best adorable monstrosities; they could not exist in nature. Look, for instance, at the three women who approach most closely the modern conception of a lady, and who, at the same time, are endowed with peculiar vigor and puissance. We refer, of course, to Flora MacIvor, Diana Vernon, and that lovely daughter of sorrow in Redgauntlet. Who but the most credulous of readers believes that these women were really of the age which their creator has chosen to ascribe to them? He says they were twenty. We deny it. We say they were thirty at the least. We demand the production of the parish register, or, failing that most cogent testimony, a sight of the family Bible. We must have evidence more relevant and more conclusive than a dictum which defies verisimilitude. What is true of those antedated heroines is also true of Romola. She is far too deeply versed in life's philosophy for the years her author has assigned to her. It is plain that she had really lived as long and had seen as much as Dante's Beatrice or Petrarch's Laura, both of whom, it may behoove us to remember, were married. It is noteworthy, however, that George Eliot was alive to the mendacity, the viciousness of her art in this particular. She strove to guard against a repetition of the fault. It is remarkable in *Middlemarch* how little she suffers us to see of the depths of Dorothea's nature till she is mismated with Casaubon. In *Daniel Deronda* the novelist makes even a more deliberate and bolder advance, for Gwendolen is but an outline up to the hour when marriage brings her face to face with the grim, and in her case hideous, realities of life. Had she lived to write another novel, we doubt not that the

genius of George Eliot would have burst the bonds with which a century of usage, prescription, and prejudice had tied and choked the English novelist. But the artistic revolution which she foresaw and powerfully furthered is on the eve of full accomplishment. It is in the air and on the page. The English novel is about to enter upon its inheritance. As we write, the latest story of George Meredith, *One of Our Conquerors*, is lighting up the sheets of *The Fortnightly*. It foreshadows the advent of an era. In this novel it is not the maiden, fluttering inquisitive, expectant, at life's half-open door, but the woman who has lived and suffered, that starts forth beneath the strongest strokes of the vivifying brush. It is not the daughter, but the mother, *filia pulchra mater pulchrior*, that rivets eyes and chains the heart.

What English-Speaking India Reads....W. S. Caine....Pall Mall Gazette \*

In looking over a bundle of cuttings from newspapers which have accumulated during my absence in India this winter I am struck by the large number of journals which have copied some paragraphs in one of my letters to the Gazette, in which I gave particulars of the English books which were principally read by natives of India who had received an Anglo-vernacular education. I should like to add a little further information about the more transient side of literature, which I think will prove of equal interest. I have had unusual facilities for exploring this field of inquiry, which I need not take up space in explaining, and I have seen the order books of some of the leading firms in India, who make it their special business to supply weekly and monthly English literature. Altogether, I have collected particulars of the newspapers and magazines supplied to 4,037 customers, representing at least 40,000 readers. These customers are in the habit of exchanging with each other, forming in small stations a sort of magazine club, while others are secretaries of libraries, clubs, and other mutual agencies. The information comes from Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Delhi, Lahore, and Allahabad; and I think it is sufficiently widespread and representative to be

---

\* It is worthy of note that among the monthlies and the scientific publications read by the English-speaking people in India, who are proverbially readers of English home periodicals in which they take national pride, the leading journals in number of copies sold, are two American publications, Harper's Magazine and The Scientific American.



honestly taken as dealing proportionately with the whole English-reading public of India. The different sections of society in India are so easily detected by their names that it is not difficult to allocate these 4,037 customers. They are: Europeans, 2,633; Hindus, 455; Parsis, 343; Portuguese, 235; Mussulmans, 46; Jews, 24; English clubs and libraries, 90; native clubs and libraries, 211. The monthly magazine ranking first in favor is Harper's, of which 133 copies are taken. Then follow in order the Nineteenth Century, 104 copies; Cornhill, 68; Contemporary, 37; Longman's, 37; Fortnightly, 35; Macmillan's, 29; Temple Bar, 21; Review of Reviews, 16; Century, 10; Irish Monthly, 10; Blackwood, 7; New, 7; Belgravia, 6; Argosy, 6; National, 2; Murray's, 2; Gentleman's, 1; and Westminster, 1. In what may be called weekly magazines Mr. Labouchere wins easily with 76 copies of Truth, more than double the Saturday Review, which follows with 35. The World sells 30, Vanity Fair 26, Figaro 14, Athenæum 12, Economist 3, Academy 3; while I am surprised to find the Spectator without a single customer. In illustrated papers the Graphic wins the race with a sale of 247 copies. The Illustrated London News comes next with 181, the Pictorial World 62, the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic 28, English Illustrated Magazine 23, Cassell's Magazine of Art 5, Art Journal 4. Ladies' papers have not a very large demand, the Queen being limited to 17, Myra's Journal 17, and the Lady 7 copies. I am glad to say that the Pall Mall Budget heads the list of weekly newspapers with 148 copies; the weekly edition of the Times, 120 copies; Overland Mail, 45; Home News, 40; St. James's Budget, 32; Public Opinion, 24; Weekly Freeman, 19; Mail, 12; Lloyd's, 8; Weekly Dispatch, 3; Weekly Scotsman, 1. Sporting papers are at a discount, the Field circulating only 21, the Referee 2, the Sporting Times 2, and Sporting Life 1. But Indians are sufficiently keen on their own sport, the leading Anglo-Indian papers giving up a good share of space to racing, polo, and other sports. The Lancet has the largest circulation of medical journals—46 copies, the British Medical Journal 32, the Practitioner 23, Provincial Medical Journal 8, New York Medical Journal 8. In comic papers Punch is, of course, the prime favorite with 210 copies, Tit-Bits follows with 130, and then there comes a great drop to Funny Folks 31, Ally Sloper 13, Judy 3, Fun 2, Rare Bits 2, Scraps 1.

What may be called general family reading is very popular. The Young Ladies' Journal leads with 220, Chambers' Journal 151, Family Herald 125, Cassell's Family paper 125, Leisure Hour 53, Catholic Fireside 27, Bow Bells 20, Girls' Own Paper 17, London Journal 12, Boys' Own Paper 9, Merry England 6, Little Folks 4, and St. Nicholas 2. The meagre circulation of children's papers throws up a pathetic side of Anglo-Indian life, children being all sent home to England about the time they are learning to read. Science is represented by 51 copies of the Scientific American, 7 Knowledges, and 1 copy of Nature; mechanics by 22 Engineers, 18 Engineerings, 31 English Mechanics, and 7 Marine Engineers. Judging by the demand for its literature, religion appears to be at a low ebb, the 3,000 Christians represented in my lot of customers being content with 45 religious papers all told—namely, 14 Catholic Times, 8 Good Words, 6 Tablets, 5 Sundays at Home, 4 Catholic Missions, 4 Catholic Worlds, 3 Quivers, 1 Church Review, and 1 Christian Herald. However, Atheism is content with even less, for one copy of the National Reformer covers the whole. Of the group of readers from whose taste in literature these figures have been compiled, I should estimate that, at the very least, two-thirds are rigid and obstinate Conservatives. Their purchases are certainly a high compliment to Liberal journalism, and pour contempt on that of their own political party—76 copies of Truth to 35 of the Saturday Review; 210 copies of Punch to 3 of Judy; 148 Pall Mall Budgets to 32 St. James's Budgets, are contrasts that need no comment.

**The Decline of Humor....England's Weakness....The National Observer**

It is grave when a man, or a nation, forgets how to laugh, for by ridicule it is that the subversion of all folly and most immorality is wrought. It is told of a certain ecclesiastic (of what denomination matters not) who preached that laughter was the effect of original sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the Fall. Before there was nothing for man to laugh at: but thereafter, man being the "piebald miscellany" he is, Laughter became the bodyguard of Virtue and Good Sense. Our ecclesiastic had never learned that the kind of merriment provoked by what we moderns term humor is essentially Christian. The French, says Landor somewhere, have little humor, because they have little char-

acter. It would be quite as true to say, because they have little religion and little virtue: even as it would to say that Landor sometimes talked nonsense, and that in this instance he talked it with a seriousness that stamps him Claphamite. Yet we Britons laugh no longer what is worth calling laughing. In an age "weighed down by the meaning of the laws of mechanism," laughter—unless it be mechanical laughter—is rarely heard. We analyze and theorize and psychologize, and the machinery creaks and groans with the effort; but of all this analysis and introspection and conjecture what comes but weariness? What has become of the comedy which used to be when novelists and their playhouse kinsmen were wise in the knowledge that their primary concern was manners, and arrogated never a right to poach on the preserves of philosopher and philanthropist and theologian? True, there seems an inexhaustible demand for machine-made "comic" Bits and Scraps, and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, with his "bally cuckoos" and so forth, runs through the Lord knows how many editions. But to think of Miss Western and Walter Shandy is to feel that even with Three Men in a Boat and the current number of Sloper we are nearer misery than laughter. Fun we must have, of course. If we cannot import it, duty free and carriage paid, in bulk from America, it must be brought (O the pity of it!) from France! As for the native article, in England, where the common cry is for Democracy, as elsewhere, Democracy, being the apotheosis of the Fool, is uncongenial to the humorist. Where all alike are consciously vulgar and proportionately supersensitive, how shall he get him an audience? The Fool—or the Democrat, for 'tis all one—hates every sort of laughter, because he feels that himself is laughable, and your Fool will never join in a laugh against himself. Tories may titter over Mr. Gilbert at the Savoy, and they will; but let author or actor venture to poke fun at Mr. Burns and his crew of suicides, and the "gods" break into riot. If some good Tory had the courage to put a modern Agoracritus upon the stage, how long would one brick of his playhouse be left upon another? And even when self-consciousness is not at work to make the Democrat dull and peevish, there is his folly, or there is his ignorance, or there is his prudery. His womenkind may Ibsenize to their heart's content, and himself may envy those sainted County Councillors who achieved the adventure of

poor Zæo's back: but he would take Tom Jones with the tips of his fingers and cast it behind the fire, as a thing both wicked and dull. He is not a hypocrite; he is a machine which must have a why for every wherefore, and is destitute of humor. And the worst is that he and his fellow-engines govern England. This, this is at the bottom of our troubles. It means that, as in literature so in other branches of excellence, we shower medals and distinctions and titles upon men who can do nothing, and are prodigal of honors and diplomas and degrees to men who know nothing. It means, in brief, that superstition may hallow absurdity into mystery, that ignorance may exalt the vulgar and the commonplace to the very top of being, that sentiment may pass for wisdom of experience, that vanity and brain-sick affection may have their will of the world, without fear of the Comic Muse.

**The Obscure and the Occult....David Swing....The Chicago Journal**

It may be that the very richness of the Boston soil is making it grow such weeds as Browningism and occultism. But the New England fertility has produced such crops of good grains and sweet fruits in the long years, that the West did not expect from it a flood of occult thought and Koreshan mystery. Perhaps its fondness for the obscure in Browning has led a certain multitude onward until they have found at last the wholly incomprehensible. The love of mysticism must no doubt be an acquired taste, and it must therefore be capable of a daily growth, and beginning with the Pippa Passes advances until it finds delight in what is called "occultism." Inasmuch as American objections to the poetry of Mr. Browning are not prized very highly, the estimate to be found in a recent Edinburgh Review can be asked to take the place of the local opinions. "It never seems to have occurred to Mr. Browning that there was any mystery or art in the matter (poetry). His lines run on in so many syllables as fancy takes him, without any thought whether they scan at all. Prosody and grammar are no doubt very humble slaves to great poets, but they cannot be treated with absolute indifference. It would be easy to quote passages in some of his narratives, which, with the addition here and there of an article or a preposition, would become at once indifferent prose. They are broken and interspersed with a thousand metaphors, ellipses, and allusions which distract the attention and destroy

the current of the work. In rhyme nothing daunts him. There are rhymes for every imaginable word, not natural, not self-sought, but often grotesque and veiled. The rhyme being found in some improbable place, carries off the poet to a new order of ideas, and leads instead of following the course of thought. The result is crude, vague and diffuse. . . . A writer who is a master of language strikes at once on the most lucid and appropriate word without having recourse to involved parentheses and obscure periphrases; a poet who seeks to win the world and to be cherished by posterity must have the sense of accuracy, rhythm and beauty. These are the qualities in which Mr. Browning was most deficient. No one denies his originality, for no poet ever tortured language so much. Even *Hudibras* is a classic in comparison." It is at least possible to think of a Browning craze which, lasting ten years, might train up a kind of poetry which should look upon rhyme and clearness as defects. If poetry needs a commentator for each line and is the more grand by as much as it is incomprehensible, then why not create a poetry in which the wreck of verse, grammar and sense may be complete? A poem may need commentators in some far-off time which has taken it away from its locality and period, but no poetry should need any commentators in its own generation. Homer was no puzzle to his audience. Dante was sung in the streets of Rome and Florence. Many centuries may remove localisms and change languages and thus create a demand for critical study, but when a poet makes it necessary for his own friends to meet once a week to search after the import of a fresh utterance from a man at their side, there is only one conclusion possible, and that conclusion is not favorable to the powers or fame of the alleged poet. Something has made occultism popular in Boston; and inasmuch as the whole West looks to Boston for its literary style, there is danger that this once simple and happy West is doomed to pass through a wide and deep intellectual swamp under the impression that such a dismal bog is the next thing to heaven. The Atlantic coast has just produced a few thousand lines of the following quality:

" As in caverns hushed, cryptic, abyssmal,  
The shine of thy sun-sphere its glory foregoeth,  
Its ethereal brightness profundity-fronted into thickest gloom condensing,  
So rayless-flung awry into impotence distraught—  
The gleams of the earth-mind lustrous.

On piercing arcana of wisdom proud-bent  
Fatefully become,  
Vantaged naught by subtlest astute  
In puissant strive and acts of sage intent.  
Fatuous earth-mind! Vanity-breeder!  
Thine be the odium—thou the soul's duress!  
Palsied thou shalt ever be in the hissing of dread Negation."

It is one of the marvels of the age that Boston typesetters could be found who could set up sixty pages of such "copy" without fainting and even dying of syncopical and paroxysmal disturbance and sympathetic reaction of all such ganglia as are more or less interested in the variegated functions of vitality. The fact that types are now set by machinery does not mitigate the marvel, for it is necessary for some living and perhaps reasonable human being to read the manuscript to the machine. We wish nothing but the star of empire were taking its way westward. How badly would Bishop Berkeley now feel could he see that occultism were now moving along behind the "course of empire!" It is said that the advance pickets are already here and that there are places in Chicago in which the human mind can be taught to think and talk in the language of the most profound occultism. It is said that there are groups of persons who have entirely abandoned the old virtue of intelligibility and have pledged their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor," not to such mundane things as inflamed Thomas Jefferson, but to the study and the practice of the incomprehensible and all other forms of the occult. It would be one of the jokes of the age were it not that many young women, girls or wives, are being led away by what they think a deep philosophy, from homes and honors and happiness that have the advantage of being real. Occultism, if indulged in, should never interfere with such a realism as home or the world at large. If a Chicago man or woman can converse with Madame A. or with Mr. B. in London or Calcutta, home is a good base in which to carry on this long-range conversation. These rich and non-existing communions of America and Asia are not fond of the third floor of a cheap flat where some terrestrial and local hand reaches out for a little money. Indeed, those visits from the far-off people, living or dead, are more liable to come to a man when he is alone with his loom or his hand saw or his plow, or to a woman who is making a dress for an orphan or a Christmas present for home use. The "occult"



most probably hates a crowd and is fond of meeting each human being by itself. So Emerson seems to have thought, if Mr. Sanborn speaks truthfully, because in college young Emerson wanted to room alone, inasmuch as solitude was often full of those hidden forces which man so much needs. If occultism is to come West it will not ask any man or woman to go out and take a street car and ride to it. It will certainly not be so low and material as to pass by elegant homes and make its headquarters at some place where even persons still in the flesh are often disgusted. Next to the duty of having these communions at home must be reckoned the duty of not printing anything that is revealed at these communions. The world is not ready for this form of literature. Poems like the one just quoted are not appreciated by the passing generations. All such concatenations and dislocations of terms should be studiously kept away from publicity. They are good, perhaps, for mankind. At least, all such books are a million years in advance of the average human intellect. A poem on farming or on some new kind of bread or fuel or clothing or roof will for many seasons to come outrank anything printed concerning the occult.

*The Ghost of a Blue-Stocking....G. A. S....The London Speaker*

Of the making of books there is no end; although the contemporary British public may be said to resemble the Athenians of old, to the extent of continually crying out for some new thing, they have of late years shown a pleasant willingness to make acquaintance with obsolete celebrities, and to be grateful to the industrious persons who have been at the pains of digging and delving in what Jeremy Taylor calls "the Portion of Weeds and outworn Faces," scouring long-rusted shields, and repointing the darkened rough-cast of the past. Thus I see that an ingenious compiler has recently put forth a book touching the Life and Letters of "Mrs." Elizabeth Carter, an erudite spinster of the last century, and in her day a somewhat notable personage. I should say that, prior to the appearance of the volume in question, the knowledge of the average British reader concerning "Mrs." Carter did not go much beyond a vague remembrance that Dr. Johnson warmly praised the proficiency which the lady had acquired in the Greek tongue, and that he once talked to Boswell of having dined at Mrs. Garrick's with "Mrs." Car-

ter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney. "Three such women," added the enthusiastic sage, "are not to be found. I know not where I could find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all." Besides this glimmering recollection of the English Madame Dacier, there may be, in the mind of the superficial student of the literary gossip of the eighteenth century, a faint memory that "Mrs." Carter was a distinguished Blue-Stocking; but the origin of that term, notwithstanding its having long since become a household word among us, is still enveloped in a mantle of perplexing obscurity. Dr. J. Birkbeck Hill, in his edition of Boswell's Johnson, tells us (Vol. IV., p. 108) that the origin of the title Blue-Stocking being little known it may be worth while to relate it. "One of the most eminent, of these societies, when they were first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation that his absence was felt as so great a loss that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without the blue stockings,' and thus by degrees the title was established." The exhaustive Dr. Birkbeck Hill vindicates his version by a quotation from one of Mrs. Montagu's letters in which that learned lady, writing so early as 1757, observes that Mr. Stillingfleet "has left off his old friends and his blue stockings, and has taken to frequenting operas and other gay assemblies." The indefatigable Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his edition of Boswell, has preceded Dr. Birkbeck Hill in claiming Stillingfleet as the sponsor of the Blue-Stockings; adding, however, in a note, that Mr. Hayward had seen an account by Lady Crewe that a certain Madame de Polignac presented herself at Mrs. Montagu's "club" arrayed in blue stockings, which were then the rage in Paris, and that Mrs. Greville and the other ladies then adopted the fashion. There is this much in favor of the Hayward Crewe account that Dr. Cobham Brewer, in his Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, remarks *s.v.* Blue-Stocking that "in 1400 a society of ladies and gentlemen was formed at Venice, distinguished by the color of their stockings, and called Della Calza. It lasted till 1590, when it appeared in Paris, and was the rage among the lady savantes. From France it came to England, when Mrs. Montagu displayed the badge of the Bas Bleu Club at her evening receptions. Hannah More the poet, in the "ad-

vertisement" to her pleasant little poem, *The Bas Bleu*; or *Conversation*, writes: "The following trifle owes its birth and name to the mistake of a foreigner of distinction, who gave the literal title of the *Bas Bleu* to a small party of friends, who have often been called, by way of pleasantry, the *Blue-Stockings*." Surely Hannah must have known something definite about the derivation of the title of her own beloved clique. She adds, moreover, that the society used to meet at Mrs. Vesey's, not at Mrs. Montagu's. And now we come to the most formidable of all the *Blue-Stockings*, the classical Elizabeth Carter herself. In the *Memoirs of her Life and Character*, published in 1816, it is stated that to Mrs. Vesey's literary parties it was not difficult for any person of character to be introduced. "There was no ceremony, no cards, and no supper. Even dress was so little regarded that a foreign gentleman who was to go there with an acquaintance was told in jest that it was so little necessary that he might appear there, if he pleased, in blue stockings. This he understood in the literal sense, and when he spoke of it in French, called it the *Bas Bleu* meeting. And this was the origin of the ludicrous appellation of the *Blue Stocking Club*." As for Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, who was a learned naturalist, and whose blue stockings seem to have been alluded to by Sir William Forbes, in his *Life of Beattie*, the editor of the *Memoir* throws him overboard in a note, in which he observes that Mr. Stillingfleet died in 1771, long before these meetings acquired their designation, which has now passed into a proverbial locution for—what shall I say? "A female pedant" is Dr. Cobham Brewer's definition of a *Blue-Stocking*; but the slightly more gallant compilers of *The Imperial Dictionary* describe a *Bas Bleu* as "a literary lady to whom the imputation of pedantry usually applies." Does such an imputation justly apply to the versatile daughter of the worthy Kentish curate—the unwearied scholar, who, after learning Latin and Greek, made herself mistress of Italian, German, French, and Spanish; who wrote two numbers of *The Rambler* for her friend Dr. Johnson; who was a copious Biblical commentator, an ardent student of the Newtonian philosophy, and whose translation of Epictetus, in the opinion of Warton, "excelled the original?" I have not seen the book to the recent publication of which I alluded at the beginning of this paper, but Elizabeth Carter and I are very old friends. I

have the *Memoirs of her Life and Character*, her *Poems*, her *Miscellaneous Essays in Prose*, her *Notes on the Bible*, and her *Answers to Objections concerning the Christian Religion*, before me now in a fat volume of some eight hundred pages, royal octavo, edited by the Rev. Montagu Pennington, M.P. There is a good deal of rind in this corpulent tome, but the fruit, when you do get at it, is succulent. You begin to have a personal liking for Elizabeth, even so soon as you have gazed upon the frontispiece bearing her portrait, which is that of a very nice-looking old lady—she lived to be nearly ninety—in a laced mob cap and a black pélerine. The features are very regular, their expression is very sweet and very cheerful; and in youth Elizabeth must have been decidedly handsome. She seems in early childhood to have been rather a dull girl; and the slowness with which she conquered the impediments which always obstruct the threshold of the dead languages is said to have wearied even the patience of her father, who repeatedly entreated her to give up all thoughts of becoming a scholar. Yet her unwearied application enabled her in the end to overcome all difficulties at the cost of frequent and severe headaches which became chronic. She also, her biographer admits, contracted the habit of taking snuff, which she first used in order to keep herself awake during her studies, "and was afterward unable to give up the custom, though it was very disagreeable to her father." Literary ladies must have their way. She learned French from an old French refugee named Lesueur, at whose house at Canterbury she boarded. In the other modern languages she was self-taught. She even compiled a small Arabic dictionary for her own use. She painted, she embroidered, she wrote poems, she danced. Truly an exceptional and slightly perplexing Blue-Stocking; although the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, to judge from his recent and admirable remarks at St. Andrews on the study of Greek, might be supposed to share Elizabeth's contempt for grammar and nothing but grammar.

**The Fashionable Novel of To-Day....Andrew Lang....Essays in Little**

Is it to a republic, to France, that we must look for our fashionable novels—to France and to America? Every third person in M. Guy de Maupassant's tales has a "de" and is a Marquis or a Vicomte. As for M. Paul Bourget, one really can be happy with him in the fearless old fashion. With him

we meet Lord Henry Bohun and M. de Casal (a Vicomte) and all the Marquises and Marquises; and all the pale-blue boudoirs and sentimental Duchesses, whose hearts are only too good and who get into the most complicated amorous scrapes. That young Republican, M. Bourget, sincerely loves a blason, a pedigree, diamonds, lace, silver dressing-cases, silver baths, essences, pomatums, le grand luxe. So does Gyp; apart from her wit, Gyp is delightful to read, introducing us to the very best of bad company. Even M. Fortune du Boisgobey likes a Vicomte, and is partial to the noblesse, while M. Georges Ohnet is accused of entering the golden world of rank, like a man without a wedding garment, and of being lost and at sea among his aristocrats. They order these things better in France; they still appeal to the fine old natural taste for rank and luxury, splendor and refinement. What is Gyp but a Lady Fanny Flummery reussie—Lady Fanny with the trifling additional qualities of wit and daring? Observe her noble scorn of M. Georges Ohnet; it is a fashionable arrogance. To my mind, I confess, the decay of the British fashionable novel seems one of the most threatening signs of the times. Even in France institutions are much more permanent than here. In France they have fashionable novels, and very good novels, too; no man of sense will deny that they are far better than our dilettanteism of the slums; or our religious and social tracts in the disguise of romance. If there is no new tale of treasure and bandits and fights and lions handy, may I have a fashionable novel in French to fall back upon! Even Count Tolstoi does not disdain the genre. There is some uncommonly high life in "Anna Karénina." He adds a great deal of psychology, to be sure; so does M. Paul Bourget. But he takes you among smart people, who have everything handsome about them—titles, and lands, and rents. Is it not a hard thing that an honest British snob, if he wants to move in the highest circles of fiction, must turn to French novelists, or Russian, or American?

## GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Guy de Maupassant once said: "If you wish to develop imagination, saturate yourself with facts—facts found in the latest wonders of science." Camille Flammarion, author of the article on the Last Days of the World, from which we quote on another page, is a striking example of this strength. He ever sees the revelations of science in the magnificent perspective of the poet's imagination, and this power enables him to present in most fascinating form the result of his researches. Born at Montigny-le-Roi, France, in 1842, he received his education in the ecclesiastic seminary of Langres and in Paris, but he abandoned his plans of entering the church in order to follow his leaning toward the sciences. From 1858 to 1862 he studied at the Imperial Observatory, then became editor of *The Cosmos*, and three years later was appointed scientific editor of *The Siècle*. His series of astronomical lectures at this time gave him prestige and popularity which he increased by his strong stand in favor of spiritualism. In 1868 he made several balloon ascents in order to study the condition of the atmosphere at high altitudes. In 1872 he published his great book on *The Atmosphere*. His other works, *The Plurality of Inhabited Worlds*, *The Imaginary Worlds*, *Celestial Marvels*, *History of a Planet*, *Scientific Contemplations*, *Aërial Voyages and the Earths of the Sky*, were all very successful. His brilliant venture into scientific fiction last year, *Uranie*, was widely read and praised. His *Popular Astronomy* won for him, in June, 1880, the Monthyon prize of the French Academy. The current *Arena* contains the opening paper of *The Unknown*, his latest writing.

Rev. William Elliot Griffis, author of *Honda the Samurai*, from which a reading is given in this number, is the only living American who saw the Japanese feudal system in operation, and who witnessed its downfall and formal burial. He lived in a daimiō's capital, and as an organizer of a large school on the American method for samurai young men, he became acquainted with hundreds of lads and their fathers when they wore the two swords and flowing dress with coats of arms which marked their class. Living for months under the shadow of a feudal castle and not seeing a soul but



Japanese, he became thoroughly familiar with the wonderful and curious customs of feudalism in that country, the life of its merchants, farmers, soldiers, fishermen, mechanics, high lords and ladies, beggars and street characters of all sorts. How well he used his opportunities and how keen were his observations are manifest in the story of Honda the Samurai, in which the fiction bears a subordinate part, merely helping to give a personal interest to political movements which were really august. Of his earlier work, *The Mikado's Empire*, Inazo Nitobe, the Japanese writer, speaks in terms of highest appreciation, and says it is by far the best book on the subject ever written by an American. Dr. Griffis has recently attracted attention by his lecture, before our best colleges, on "How the Foundation Stones of American History were Laid."

"High up in the list of modern religious books which have had a very great popular influence," says the Christian Union, "must be placed *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, *The Greatest Thing in the World*, and *Pax Vobiscum*, all by the same author, Professor Henry Drummond, to whom they have given a wide reputation in the United States and in England, his home. Although Professor Drummond's name has now become a very familiar one, his modesty has made it difficult for the public to learn any facts about his life. With considerable effort we have been able to obtain the facts on which is based the following brief sketch of this gifted Scotch scientist and divine. For he is a scientist as well as a clergyman, and he is now professor of physical science in the Theological Seminary of the Free Church at Glasgow, Scotland. The chair is one peculiar to Scotch theological institutions, and such an one as is not found in America, except, perhaps, at Andover Seminary. Professor Drummond was born in Stirling, Scotland, forty years ago. His father was well known, and died two years ago at the ripe age of eighty-four. The son is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and of the Free Church Divinity School of that city. He was just finishing his seven years' course at Edinburgh in 1873, when Mr. Dwight L. Moody visited that city. Drummond and a company of fellow-students threw themselves into the mission work which Mr. Moody was conducting, and were greatly influenced by it. After receiving his license as a minister he pursued his work in the mission field about Glas-

gow. In 1878 he visited South Africa, and shortly after his return he was appointed to the chair of natural science, which he now holds. He is an ordained minister of the Free Church of Scotland, but prefers the title of 'Professor' to that of 'Reverend.' At Glasgow Mr. Drummond takes an active part in religious work, but rarely speaks at mixed meetings, and much prefers to address men or boys by themselves. He has been very active in religious movements among students, both in England and in this country. He is much interested in the recently-developed university settlement scheme, by means of which young men are enabled to live together among the poor, doing Christian work while they are carrying on their studies. His meetings continue all through the winter term at the University of Edinburgh, and are attended by from five to seven hundred students. In appearance Professor Drummond is tall and slim, but straight as an arrow; his countenance is magnetic and his eyes are penetrating. In dress, appearance, and manner, as well as by breeding, he is a thorough gentleman. He enjoys travelling, and being a specialist in physical science and in the study of human nature, he knows how to make his travels profitable. He speaks frankly and avoids cant and compromise, so that his differences from some conservative as well as liberal opinions may seem to be more striking than they are."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cavazza, a gifted writer in prose and verse, is of medium height, slender, with dark hair and gray eyes. She is a native of Portland, Maine, in which city she still lives. Her father, a respected merchant, died during her early childhood. She was trained as a musician in singing, pianoforte and theory. She asserts the close relation of the law of music and of verse, and attributes her verbal flexibility to the practice of trills and solfeggi as well as to the habit, from childhood, of speaking two languages, Italian and English. When a very young girl she was encouraged to write by Stanley Pullen, then editor of the Portland Press, and contributed to that paper book reviews, verse, and sketches. A mock Greek tragedy, *Algernon* in London, was rewarded by a card of admission to the New York Century Club, in favor of this unknown author, signed by E. C. Stedman, Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard, and A. R. Macdonough. When, soon after, Mr. Taylor came to Port-

land to see this new writer, and was presented to a young girl by the side of her mamma, his Homeric laughter was good to hear. After a few years of amateur work for the Press she returned to the practice of music. In 1885 she was married to Signor Nino Cavazza, of Modena, Italy, a literary man of profound and elegant attainments, son of Cavalier Alessandro Cavazza, who was Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy of Modena. After the death of Signor Nino Cavazza his wife returned to the home of her mother, also a widow, and has since devoted herself professionally to literature, writing verse, stories, criticisms, and translations for the magazines and newspapers. She is on the staff of the *Literary World*, of Boston, a special translator for *Short Stories*, of New York, and a contributor to the *Press and Transcript*, of Portland. She is a rapid writer and translator. When Francis Coppée's play, *Le Pater*, was printed in Paris, she supplied to the *Trans-Atlantic*, of Boston, in two days, an English version containing the Alexandrine metre and the rhyme of the original. Mrs. Cavazza is an ardent member of the Society for the Protection of Animals, and often pleads in verse and prose for the dumb creatures, believing firmly in their rights in this world and their reward in the next.

The editor of the much-talked-of *De Quincey Memorials*, Robert Francis Japp, was born in 1848, at Dundee, and educated at schools in Dundee and St. Andrews and at the universities of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Heidelberg, and Bonn. Since 1881 he has been Lecturer on Chemistry in the Normal School of Science, South Kensington. In 1885 he was elected Foreign Secretary of the Chemical Society, and in the same year received the Fellowship of the Royal Society. Three years later the University of St. Andrews honored him with the degree of Doctor of Laws. His researches dealing almost exclusively with questions relating to organic chemistry have been published chiefly in the journal of the Chemical Society. The Critic says of the *Memorials*, published by the United States Book Co.: "It was one of De Quincey's own sayings that an opium-eater never finishes anything. After all the previous mole-like labors of the biographers and editors of De Quincey, it seems strange to find such a mass of papers from the opium-eater's pen; but it may be that their work, no less than his, is not even yet finished, nor the end in sight.

In a box which had been carefully put away in a corner seldom visited, a mighty heap of unassorted, opium and dust stained manuscripts, proof-sheets, letters, book or magazine pages annotated with fine spidery-looking writing was found by his daughters who so loyally cherished their father's fame. Out of this chaos Prof. Japp has made order, and constructed a sketch of the DeQuincey family, and of the early life and education of the author of the *Suspiria*."

The leading book of the month is *A Publisher and His Friends*, Dr. Samuel Smiles's delightful volume of gossip and reminiscences of Murray, the great English publisher. Dr. Smiles recently was persuaded to talk about his own life and work to a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "I began life as a doctor," said Dr. Smiles, "in a small Scotch town, but there were eight besides myself, and so I gave it up and then took to journalism, and passed to the secretaryship of the Leeds and Thirsk Railway, where I came into contact with the Stephensons. My first book was the *Life of George Stephenson*, which was a great success. Of course, my great intimacy with his son Robert enabled me to get at every fact of his father's life. And besides that, I visited every place with which he had been connected, and made notes and sketches everywhere. Oh, yes! I sketch a good deal. Come into the drawing-room, and I will show you some of my work. I always go to the homes and haunts of the subjects of my biographies. I am just writing a book which I hope will be published before long, the life of Gasmin, a French poet, who died twenty years ago. He was a barber, and lived in the south of France. Very few of his poems are known even to the French, for he always wrote in Gascon. Longfellow translated one of his most charming and pathetic pieces years ago. You know it, perhaps, *The Blind Girl of Castel-cuille*. But, even in the village where he lived, and worked and died, I could scarcely find a trace of him, or even of any one who knew he wrote. I remember George Stephenson well, especially one night, when he was lecturing at Leeds, the tremendous energy with which he shouted out, in his broad dialect, 'Young men, persevere; persevere; it's been the making of me.' *Self-Help* was a great success, and it has been translated into many languages, Holland especially. French, Germans, and Russians also know it well. The Turks have not used it

at all. I have seen copies of it in several of the Indian dialects. The Italians have made more of it, however, than any nation on earth, I think, as I continue to receive the most enthusiastic letters from the young men in that lovely country. Indeed, I once had a great compliment paid me by a large body representative of the best Italian culture. 'You have done more to make Italy than Cavour or Garibaldi ever did. Come and see.' And I went. I often go now. Last year, when in Rome, the Italian press, under the presidency of Sig. Bonghi, gave me a great reception, and at the banquet in the evening the minister of finance said, 'I have had my children educated by reading your books.' In a remote little village I was one day with a party of friends admiring the carving in the village church when the priest came up and thanked me warmly for the books of mine he had read—Self-Help, Character, and Thrift. No; I never found the least bigotry among the priests in Italy; they always appeared to me to be a singularly broad-minded class of the community. The queen sent and asked me to go and see her; but as I had never been presented at court in England, I thought I ought to refuse. But she sent a special note by one of her maids of honor, insisting on my appearance. Of course, then I went, and found her a delightful and most cultivated woman, and wonderfully well up in all our English literature. I believe 80,000 copies of my book have sold in Italy, which is a great thing, as comparatively few of the people read. It is sold at 1 franc a copy. At first I wrote as a recreation after my secretarial duties were over for the day; it formed my play. But then I found I was burning the candle at both ends, and five years ago I had a severe illness, from which, however, I have quite recovered."

Anna Elizabeth Dickinson is again brought prominently before the public by her reappearance on the lecture platform. A recent gossip says of her: "Miss Dickinson has been a prominent figure before the public since the early years of the war. Among those women who gave their time and talents to the cause of the Union she was in the foremost ranks, contributing voluminously to the public press and appearing on the lecture platform of the leading Northern cities. Miss Dickinson was born in Philadelphia in 1842. Her father died during her infancy, and she was educated in the free



schools of the Friends. She began her career as a writer when she was 14 years old in an article to *The Liberator*, a well-known journal of that day. Shortly afterward she appeared before the public as a lecturer upon the questions of temperance and slavery. In 1861 she was dismissed from a clerkship in the United States Mint for criticising the action of Gen. McClellan in the battle of Ball's Bluff. From that time onward her career is part of history. In 1862 she addressed enthusiastic audiences in the New England cities, and during the remaining years of the war her services were in great demand by the Republican State committees. Since the close of the war Miss Dickinson has lectured upon various social and political questions of timely interest. In 1876 she temporarily left the rostrum for the stage, appearing in a play of her own entitled *A Crown of Thorns*. It was unfavorably received by the critics. Later she appeared in Shakespearian tragedies, but added nothing to her reputation by her efforts. In 1878 the late John McCullough bought from her a play called *Aurelian*, but it was never produced. Her first and only successful play was *An American Girl*, written for and produced by Fanny Davenport. Miss Dickinson is also the author of a novel and entertaining volumes of reminiscences.

The name of the author of that very successful book, *A Dead Man's Diary*, has been at last disclosed. The story ran first in the English edition of Lippincott's Magazine, in which it attracted considerable attention, so much so that false claims were put in to the authorship. It was published in volume form by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., the first edition of 2,000 copies being sold out in a few weeks. The book is now in a third large edition, and a cheap two-shilling edition in paper covers, for sale in India and the colonies, has also been disposed of. The author of the book is Coulson Kernahan, who recently collaborated with Frederick Locker-Lampson, the author of *London Lyrics*, in editing the new edition of *Lyra Elegantiarum*. Mr. Kernahan is a contributor to many English and American magazines and is connected with the editorial staff of the English edition of Lippincott's. He was born in Ilfracombe, Scotland, in 1858, and was educated at the Grammar School at St. Albans. From his father, Rev. James Kernahan, editor and joint author of *Suggestive and Homiletic Commentaries on the New*



Testament and an able writer of other important theological works, Coulson inherited a clear analytic mind combined with poetic power. His poems are characterized by much feeling and by strength and imagination, with almost perfect mastery of the poetic form. His prose tales in their depth of gloomy thought and weird conception are strikingly akin to Poe.

Of Mrs. Annie Besant, the sister-in-law of Walter Besant, the novelist, and who recently made a tour of this country and lectured on theosophy, a woman who knows her well gives this picture in the *New York Recorder*: "Fancy yourself pelted by the dismal down-pour of a dogged British rain, threading squalid streets suggestive of garrote robbery, in pitchy darkness broken by the glare of smoky lamps from public-house windows. Through Old Ford and Tar Bay, the dreariest sections of the dreary East End, you turn up one dingy court after another, where the houses lean to meet one another overhead, and at the end you climb a tumble-down staircase to the top of a tumble-down building and enter a large, bare room filled with gaunt, ragged women, with kerchiefs knotted loosely about their throats and hair straying into their eyes. Their faces are eager, and two or three of them talk at once, and they address a tall, slender figure in a softly-falling gown of dull gold, cut in a quaint, simple fashion. The figure is that of a woman with a fine, intelligent, but rather sad face, with large eyes, sweet mouth, and dark, wavy hair. It is Monday night, and the regular meeting of a newly-organized woman's trades union is in progress. It is not very interesting in itself except as it gives one a chance to study the woman against whom her husband's brother, Walter Besant, has a prejudice so inveterate that he is credited with trying to obscure the family connection by accenting his name on the second syllable, as she accents hers on the first. It is a curious life she has had—married to a clergyman of the Established Church; separated from him by atheistic views acquired at twenty-two; her children taken away from her and all communication with them forbidden; associated with Bradlaugh in writing earnestly, if often indiscreetly, against certain conventional forms; lecturing; disputing with Frances Power Cobbe; editing Socialistic papers and pamphlets; estranged of late from many of her friends of years by her connection with Mme. Bla-

vatsky. From one thing to another she has hurried, seeming always heart-hungry; looking for something to take the place of the old faith and the old affections. One hears her called a dangerous person, alien to Church and State, and one also hears the woman who in the old days was governess to her children call her the loveliest lady in England. These working women, pale, thin, undersized, looking to her for help and counsel, seem more inclined to agree with the last opinion than with the first. When she organized Bryant & May's match girls two years ago, she did as practical a thing as has been done for London working girls. Lucifer, the magazine which Mrs. Besant and the late Mme. Blavatsky edited, is seen now and then in the libraries of New Yorkers of an inquiring turn of mind, as well as their Theosophical Siftings."

James M. Barrie, the author of *The Window in Thrums*, from which our reading, *Dead This Twenty Years*, is taken, is the new literary lion. He is a teller of short stories, his pictures of life are "interiors," quiet, home sketches with little action but with much sympathy with the little events of every-day existence. He was born at Kirriemuir, a small weaving town in Scotland, in 1860. He attended school there and afterward spent five years at Dumfries Academy. Subsequently he took the art classes at Edinburgh University, and graduated as an M.A. in that institution in 1882. He then turned to journalism, devoting eighteen months to the writing of leaders in a Nottingham paper, after which he took his departure for London. He is still engaged in journalistic work in London and has contributed liberally to the *St. James's Gazette*, *British Weekly*, *Speaker*, and *Scot's Observer*. In addition to this he has brought out during the past three years five books, all of which have met with favor. His first book, entitled *Better Dead*, is a satire on London life and was published in 1887. In the following year appeared two more, *Auld Licht Idylls* and *When a Man's Single*. In 1889 he published *My Lady Nicotine* and *A Window in Thrums*. Miss Jeanette Gilder says of him: "Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, the accomplished editor of the *Christian Union*, told a friend of mine that he 'discovered' Barrie over a year ago, and told several publishers that he was a man who was going to make his mark, but they turned a deaf ear to him. Now Barrie has made his mark and is almost as much read as Kip-

ling. He is of an entirely different cast of mind, and resembles the clever Rudyard in nothing but his knowledge of human nature; but it is another human nature entirely. Kipling is the cynical man of the world who sees everybody's little weaknesses and pricks them with his sharp-pointed pen. Barrie looks up the best side of his people first. If by the way he sees their vulnerable points he smiles at them and passes on. He is humorous, but it is a gentle, not an unkind, humor, and his pathos is as simple as it is profound." Mr. Barrie is described as excessively bashful and shy, and the task of lionizing him will not, therefore, be an easy one. He is at present engaged upon a biography of the late Alexander Russell, the famous editor of the Edinburgh Scotsman.

Benjamin R. Davenport, of Buffalo, has compiled and edited a most interesting and valuable book which he calls *The Best Fifty Books of the Greatest Authors, Condensed for Busy People*. The Buffalo Express says of Mr. Davenport's work: "It deserves high praise, for it gives busy people an excellent introduction to literature. The editor has selected his best fifty books with the advice, as he says, of the most eminent literary men in England and America. These masterpieces, from Homer's *Iliad* to Lew Wallace's *Ben-Hur*, he has condensed into one volume of 600 pages, working in all of the famous passages and supplying a narrative in good, straightforward, unpretentious English. The story of each book is accompanied with a brief biographical sketch and a portrait of each author. No matter how familiar one is with any of these fifty books, be it, for instance, *Don Quixote*, *Rasselas*, *Les Misérables*, *Paradise Lost*, or any other, he will be forced to admit, after reading the dozen pages devoted to each one in this condensation, that there is little, if anything, to add, either with regard to plot, characters, scenes, situations, quotations, or anything else that is ever discussed by people. The result of days or weeks of reading will be the possession of hardly one single bit of information or one tangible idea concerning the book in hand that is not to be acquired by reading the dozen pages in this condensation."

"Some years ago," says The Inter-Ocean, of Chicago, "a young lady wrote a series of sketches for a popular Western paper over the nom de plume 'Birch Arnold.' The sketches

were published on the theory that they were written by a gentleman, and for a number of years even the editor who handled the copy did not know the identity of the author. The sketches or stories were written in a breezy, intense style and attracted much attention. The author was always spoken of as a man and was addressed by letter as a man. When it was discovered that Birch Arnold of the breezy sketches was a young lady, the public of course felt more interest than ever in the work of the popular writer. As years went by the field of the earnest worker widened, and she has won a reputation as one of the novelists of the day. Her new story, *A New Aristocracy*, has for its theme the always interesting problem of labor. Like Murvale Eastman, and other stories on the same general line, it is a broad, sympathetic plea for a better spirit of co-operation or helpfulness in business and in society. Birch Arnold writes from a woman's standpoint, seeing the troubles and burdens imposed upon women, as well as those imposed upon men, by the present system, and she writes with an earnest purpose to arouse public sentiment and direct it toward a solution of problems that are puzzling the wisest."

The New York World gives this paragraph of gossip of Mme. Blavatsky, the noted theosophical writer who died recently: "Helena Petrovna Hahn was born at Ekaterinslow, in South Russia, in 1831. In 1848 she was married, at the age of seventeen, to Gen. Blavatsky, whose age was placed by the bride's people at various stages of senility ranging from fifty to seventy years. She lived but three months with the General, and those three months were full of the most exciting domestic storms, all caused by Helena, who had married Blavatsky purely and simply to gratify a personal desire to triumph over her governess, who had said that owing to her quick temper she would never find any man willing to marry her. The day after the wedding, which took place at Djellalogly, near Tiflis, the General took his bride to Darechicag, a summer retreat for Erivan residents, and while making this journey Helena made an effort to escape toward the Persian frontier, but was betrayed by the Cossack guard, whom she had taken into her confidence. After three months of wrangling she one day took a horse on her own account and rode to Tiflis. Family councils followed, and it was finally arranged that the unmanageable bride should go

to her father, a Colonel in the army. She started to meet him at Odessa, but got rid of her man-servant and maid en route and went to Constantinople. At this point her wanderings began. The tender, fragile bride of seventeen became the elephantine Mme. Blavatsky, of theosophical notoriety, and since the sunshine of freedom strewed her paths along the Bosphorus in 1848, her feet have picked the dust of many a clime, and her fame, such as it is, has become familiar in every land. Born in the very heart of the country which the 'Roussalka' (the Undine) has chosen for her abode ever since creation—reared on the shores of the blue Dnieper, that no Cossack of Southern Ukraine ever crosses without preparing himself for death—the child's belief in these lovely green-haired nymphs was developed before she had heard of anything else. The catechism of her Ukraine nurses passed wholly into her soul, and she found all these weird poetical beliefs corroborated to her by what she saw or fancied she saw herself round her ever since her earliest babyhood. Mme. Blavatsky came to America in 1873, taking out her naturalization papers here a short time after landing. In 1874 she began the series of manifestations that made her world-famous. In that year, too, the Theosophical Society was founded, of whom Col. Olcott, whom Mme. Blavatsky had met with the Eddys and others at a Vermont farm-house, was made the president. Mme. Blavatsky was enormous in size, and weighed more than three hundred pounds. She rarely went out of her house, as it taxed her strength too greatly. She never was addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors, but was an incessant smoker, and at times experienced great difficulty in refraining from the practice long enough to deliver a lecture. Her hands were her chief charms, and she used them to great advantage in rolling dainty cigarettes, which afforded her much amusement. Her hands were small and delicately formed, smooth as satin, and to add to their beauty she would spend hours in manicuring her nails. Another peculiarity was her profanity. She could swear in all languages, but there was a certain novelty and polish about her swearing that destroyed much of the unpleasant impression it made at first on persons who made her acquaintance. She wore the conventional attire of her sex usually, but her fancy was Oriental in the matter of materials, and her wardrobe worthy of any Hindoo woman,"

## VERSE FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Life....Its Sorrows and Struggles....The Path

Our life, our life is like a narrow raft  
Afloat upon the hungry sea;  
Hereon is but a little space,  
And all men, eager for a place,  
Do thrust each other in the sea;  
And each man, eager for a place,  
Does thrust his brother in the sea.  
And so our life is wan with fears,  
And so the sea is salt with tears.  
Ah, well is thee, thou art asleep!  
Ah, well is thee, thou art asleep!

Our life, our life is like a curious play,  
Where each man hideth from himself.  
"Let us be open as the day,"  
One mask does to the other say,  
When he would deeper hide himself.  
"Let us be open as the day,"  
That he may better hide himself.  
And so the world goes round and round,  
Until our life with rest is crowned.  
Ah, well is thee, thou art asleep!  
Ah, well is thee, thou art asleep!

Midsummer Noon on the Campagna....Wm. Sharp....Sospiri di Roma

High noon,  
And from the purple-veilèd hills  
To where Rome lies in azure mist,  
Scarce any breath of wind  
Upon this vast and solitary waste,  
These leagues of sunscorch'd grass  
Where i' the dawn the scrambling goats maintain  
A hardy feast,  
And where, when the warm yellow moonlight floods the flats,  
Gaunt laggard sheep browse spectrally for hours  
While not less gaunt and spectral shepherds stand  
Brooding, or with hollow vacant eyes  
Stare down the long perspectives of the dusk.



Now not a breath:  
No sound;  
No living thing,  
Save where the beetle jars his crackling shards,  
Or where the hoarse cicada fills  
The heavy heated hour with palpitant whirr.  
Yet hark!  
Comes not a low deep whisper from the ground,  
A sigh as though the immemorial past  
Breathed here a long, slow, breath?  
Lost nations sleep below; an empire here  
Is dust; and deeper, deeper still,  
Dim shadowy peoples are the mould that warms  
The roots of every flower that blooms and blows:  
Even as we, too, bloom and fade,  
Frail human flowers, who are so bitter fain  
To be as the wind that bloweth evermore,  
To be as this dread waste that shroudeth all  
In garments green of grass and wilding sprays,  
To be as the Night that dies not, but forever  
Weaves her immortal web of starry fires;  
To be as Time itself,  
Time, whose vast holocausts  
Lie here, deep buried from the ken of men,  
Here, where no breath of wind  
Ruffles the brooding heat,  
The breathless blazing heat  
Of Noon.

A Sudden Shower....James Whitcomb Riley....Rhymes of Childhood

Barefooted boys scud up the street,  
Or skurry under sheltering sheds;  
And school-girl faces pale and sweet,  
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.  
Doors bang; and mother voices call  
From alien homes; and rusty gates  
Are slammed; and high above it all  
The thunder grim reverberates.  
And then abrupt, the rain, the rain! . . .  
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes  
Behind the streaming window-panes  
Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The highway smokes, sharp echoes ring;  
The cattle bawl and cow-bells clank;  
And into town comes galloping  
The farmer's horse, with steaming flank.  
The swallow dips beneath the eaves  
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;  
And under the catawba leaves  
The caterpillar curls and clings.  
The bumblebee is pelted down  
The wet stem of the hollyhock;  
And sullenly in spattered brown  
The cricket leaps the garden walk.  
Within, the baby claps his hands  
And crows with rapture strange and vague;  
Without, beneath the rose-bush stands  
A dripping rooster on one leg.

**Bannerman Rode the Gray....A. Werner....A Time and Times**

I rode through the bush in the burning noon,  
Over the hills to my bride;  
The track was rough and the way was long,  
And Bannerman of Dandenong,  
He rode along by my side.

A day's march off my beautiful dwelt,  
By the Murray streams in the west;  
Lightly lilting a gay love song,  
Rode Bannerman of the Dandenong,  
With a blood-red rose on his breast.

"Red, red rose of the western streams,"  
Was the song he sang that day—  
Truest comrade in hour of need—  
Bay Mathinna his peerless steed—  
I had my own good gray.

There fell a spark on the upland grass,  
The dry bush leapt into flame;  
And I felt my heart grow cold as death,  
And Bannerman smiled and caught his breath,  
But I heard him name her name.

Down the hillside the fire-flood rushed,  
On the roaring eastern wind;

Neck and neck was the reckless race—  
Ever the bay mare kept her pace,  
But the gray horse dropped behind.

He turned in the saddle—"Let's change, I say."  
And his bridle rein he drew.  
He sprang to the ground—"Look sharp!" he said,  
With a backward toss of his curly head,  
"I ride lighter than you."

Down and up—it was quickly done—  
No words to waste that day!  
Swift as a swallow she sped along,  
The good bay mare from the Dandenong—  
And Bannerman rode the gray.

The hot air scorched like a furnace blast  
From the very mouth of hell—  
The blue gums caught and blazed on high  
Like flaming pillars into the sky;  
The gray horse staggered and fell.

"For your life!" he cried—"For her dear sake, ride!"  
Into the gulf of flame  
Were swept, in less than a breathing space,  
The laughing eyes, and the comely face,  
And the lips that named her name.

She bore me bravely, the good bay mare—  
Stunned and dizzy and blind;  
I heard the sound of a mingling roar,  
'Twas the Lachlan River that rushed before,  
And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe, safe, at Warranga gate,  
I fell, and lay like a stone.  
O love! thine arms were about me then,  
Thy warm tears called me to life again,  
But, O God! that I came alone!

We dwell in peace, my beautiful one  
And I, by the streams in the west,  
But oft through the mist of my dreams along  
Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,  
With the blood-red rose on his breast.

## RANDOM READING: CURRENT TOPICS

*The Gospel of Wealth....Bishop Newman....New York Herald*

I believe in accumulated wealth. The acquisition of property is a divine gift. Industry and frugality are the laws of thrift. To amass great fortunes is a special endowment. As poets, philosophers, and orators are born such, so the financier has a genius for wealth. By intuition he is familiar with the laws of supply and demand. He seems gifted with the vision of a seer of the coming changes in the market. He knows when to buy and when to sell and when to hold fast. He anticipates the flow of population and its effect upon real estate. As the poet must sing because the muse is in him, so the financier must make money. He cannot help it. The endowment of this gift is announced in Scripture, "The Lord thy God giveth thee power to get wealth." And all such promises are illustrated in the present financial condition of Christian nations, who control the finances of the world. Wealth has the noblest of missions. It is not given to hoard, nor to gratify, nor for the show of pomp and power. The rich are the almoners of the Almighty. They are His disbursing agents. They are the guardians of the poor. They are to inaugurate those great enterprises which will bring thrift to the masses; not the largest dividends, but the largest prosperity. Capital makes it possible for the laborer to enjoy a happiness that waits upon honest industry. It is for the rich to improve the homes of the poor, but man, rich man's stable is a palace compared to the abodes of the honest and intelligent mechanic. When the wealthy are the patrons of those social reforms that elevate society, then they will receive the benedictions of the poor. It is for them to give direction to the legislation essential for the protection of all the rights and interests of a community. When they build libraries of learning, museums of art, and temples of piety they will be esteemed the benefactors of their kind. When the wealth of capital joins hands with the wealth of intellect, the wealth of muscle, and the wealth of goodness for the common good, then labor and capital will be esteemed the equal factors in giving every man life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In all well-regulated society every man is accorded the right to possess that which he has made and the

power of control over the same. He has not only the right to a piece of gold by discovery or purchase or labor, but, when he fashions the same into a work of art, his right is increased by virtue of his skill. Around this sacred right divine and human laws throw their awful sanctions. "Thou shalt not steal" is the command of high Heaven. The Creator treats this right as a self-evident fact, directs his mandates against every act violative of the same and against the temper of mind from which such violations proceed. In harmony therewith human governments among their first acts protect this individual right, and treat the offender thereof as guilty of a wrong and punish him accordingly. Upon the recognition of this right depend the existence and progress of society. Ignore this right, and no one would labor more than is sufficient for his individual subsistence, as he would have no more right than any other person to the surplus; and there would therefore be no accumulation, no provision for the future, no means by which improvements could be made; there would be no noble cities, no elegant homes, no invented means of travel, no advanced civilization. The question involves the distinction between the savagery of the barbarian and the refinements and comforts of civilized life. A nation of thieves would be a nation of barbarians. There is no prejudice against honorable and benevolent wealth. The war of to-day against capital is against the aristocracy of riches and where wealth is hoarded and appropriated for personal gratification and grandeur, or held for the love of the power that issues therefrom. It is this selfishness of the affluent that awakens the wrath of the poor of the laboring classes. Nor is there violent opposition to fortunes speedily acquired, but public displeasure is aroused against the man of wealth who manipulates the market for his own benefit and is indifferent to the bankruptcy of hundreds and thousands whose acquired fortunes are sacrificed by his heartless stock-gambling. It is not true that the rich are necessarily misanthropic. Large possessions in land and money do not sour the milk of human kindness that flows through the veins of humanity. To whom are we indebted for those houses of charity whose gates of mercy stand open day and night? Who are the founders of those libraries which spread their ample feast before mankind? Who open to the indigent student of our land those scientific and professional schools whereby the

humblest may rise to the highest? The universities and colleges of our country are the monuments of the rich. The most popular institute in New York, where any woman may learn to be an artist and any man an artisan, whose very name has filled Christendom with delight, is the honorable work of a man who left \$2,000,000 to his two children. He is not despised. The National Temperance Publishing Society, whose life-giving literature is to-day blessing our nation, is largely the work of another citizen of America's great metropolis, who bequeathed to his widow and seven sons more than \$1,500,000. He is not reprobated. Every State in the South is to-day the beneficiary of the wealth of a merchant prince who died with millions, and the memorials of his princely giving are in London, in Baltimore, and in his native Massachusetts. He is not damned. Poverty, competence, and affluence are the three financial conditions of man, in each of which there may be sainthood. Poverty may be as vicious upon the morals of character and life as wealth. The rich are not the criminal classes of society; they represent the average virtue of Christian lands. The reign of terror against wealth is itself a crime. It is without reason, without justification, without excuse, and those who aid and abet it are chief offenders. Society has the right to demand of the rich to regard their wealth as a talent to multiply the comforts of the laboring classes, to diffuse knowledge, to alleviate suffering, and to equalize, as far as possible, the social condition of their fellow-men.

*The Decay of Endurance....From the London Spectator*

There is certainly a decay in the European mind—for it is not confined to England—in the power of recognizing the inevitable, a lessened belief in the existence of forces which are conditions, and to which man has only to submit with what resignation he can. Formerly, if it hailed, a man retired indoors till the sun shone again, or if he went out he summoned up his fortitude and his ingenuity in wraps, and so faced the pelting pellets with a sort of self-derived strength, often highly beneficial to his character; but now he swears at the hail, and promises himself, when he is a little older, either to disperse or to warm the clouds from which it drops to annoy him. He fights the floods with big drains, terminates droughts by planting, and is full of a conviction that though the "dread fire-king" may have the blast to ride on, he shall in the end



unhorse him with little jets of vapor. The change is perhaps most decidedly shown in his new attitude toward the two ancient foes of the species—poverty and disease. Very high authority has declared to us that poverty shall never quite end in this world, and that the poor will be always with us; but the German emperor, the most curiously typical of modern men, is not of that opinion. He respects the authority very much, being pious rather than sceptical in sentiment; but all the same he thinks poverty can be ended, and is inclined to call a European congress and send orders to his Parliament to consider how. Every orator rages against poverty, every writer has his nostrum for its final prevention, the very populace are convinced that if great people were only willing, it could be brought to an end. It is no more inevitable, say the new moralists, than sin; and if that is inevitable, what becomes of the goodness of God, or, indeed, of His omnipotence? As for disease, nobody so much as dreams of submitting to it for a moment. No matter what its cause—inheri- tance, as is often the case in scrofula, or climate, such as develops phthisis in Rhode Island, or the lie of the land, such as breeds fever in the Campagna—men insist that a remedy can be found, and shall be found; and this with such genuine conviction that they are ready to believe anybody not palpably a quack who tells them that it has been discovered. Dr. Koch hesitatingly mutters a formula for curing tuberculosis, and forthwith the German emperor, as representative man of his epoch, rushes into his arms, overwhelms him with praises, and founds a college for the dissemination of his miraculous lymph. We do not doubt that if Krakatoa burst out again, and threw out once more masses of vapor which threatened to obscure the sun, William II. would send a fleet with orders to let the North Pacific into the crater, and so to drown the danger out. So great have been man's victories over Nature during the past few minutes—about three-quarters of one century in all—that the very idea of submission has departed out of his mind; that he feels stronger than the eternal forces which envelop him; and that when he is beaten, as he still most frequently is, he grows petulant and expostulatory, and rushes to any auntie at hand—in Germany the emperor, in England Parliament, in America the people at elections—crying out: "Please kill us that nasty trouble right away." It is a little melancholy, or a little laughable, according to the

temperament of the observer, who knows that the forces of Nature are strong and the forces of men very weak, and that any Tower of Babel he may construct is only a little hillock; but still, there is a pleasing side to it, too, as if energy had renewed its youth, and hope—which, if you notice, has always something of youth, something even childlike, in it—had become strong once more. They seemed bad people to the Jews, those builders of Babel, and we dare say they were bad, with the badness of the Renaissance, the towering pride in newly-developed power; but what energy they must have had, energy as of a Stephenson in every man, even to think of a concrete plan for defying the clouds and the floods and the very powers unknown, to drown them out for the second time! It is renewed hope in part which is killing the old endurance, and tempting the multitude to believe that they can, if they will, banish poverty and fog, disease and deficiency of silver, ignorance and adulteration of liquors, from out of the midst of any people; and in hope there is always something that conduces to strength. The point is, perhaps, not whether the new impulse is good or bad, but whether the new strength, when it comes, will be as conducive to man's happiness as the old. We doubt it, for it cannot be lasting, man's powers, however developed, being soon strained to weariness, and having very rigid limits; but perhaps that doubt is due as much to temperament as to thought. To us, we confess, quiet patience, the more serene the better, seems a nobler attribute for a man, and one which will carry him farther than all this new-born energy, which, seven times at least out of ten, is indistinguishable from fuss. Disease is a hard thing, especially if there be pain with it; but if you can bear it even as Asiatics do, neither smiling nor murmuring, but simply accepting—and that is not quite the Christian way—does it not leave you stronger than any effort, usually a baffled effort, for the extinction of disease? Poverty does not matter very much when wants are cut down to zero, and, after all, the monk who does not feel it is none the weaker for his content. What signifies the fog, damnable nuisance as it is, if you take the fog, like darkness, as part of the order of things, which you can no more alter than the laws of light, and to which, when it becomes too oppressive, you oppose an invincible though necessarily passive resignation? There was something in the ancient method, the old acceptance of the in-

evitable, which gave a strength of its own, and produced that granite quality of character which we see in peasants, and see mainly because their teachers in life, the seasons in their course, have taught them fully not only patience, but steady, persistent submission, in all things, at all times.

Our Illusions....Mrs. Elizabeth Lynn Linton....The Fortnightly Review

If only one-half of the marvels reported of hypnotism be true, and the whole thing itself be not a mere cheat of jugglery, we stand still nearer to the great fact of illusion, phantasmagoria, immateriality—whatsoever we choose to call it—which seems to be the real condition of life. “Nothing is, but all things seem”—and if hypnotism be not a vulgar cheat from end to end, nothing has an absolute quantity. The brain can be made to register impressions of things which do not exist at all, as well as of qualities unlike those which accord with general experience. To the waking sense rancid oil does not taste like champagne. To the hypnotized—waiving the alternative of cheating—that rancid oil may be a very Proteus of substances—from senna to sherry, from tea to treacle. Thus we come round to the dictum—All is maya, that is, delusion. When the senses themselves can be taught to act like dissolving views we seem to have reached the very apex of uncertainty, and to have no definite mark left. The “states,” “realizations,” “convictions,” “experiences,” “revelations” characteristic of the religious life, independent of the special religion itself, come under the same head. When the gods of Greece and Rome made themselves manifest to the devout worshipper beseeching heaven for aid and a sign, was that a truth outside the self-created world of the brain? We, who do not believe in the objective existence of these Olympian deities, would say, No—but where does this denial leave our own revelations? If Athene, standing there armed, serene, terrible, majestic, as a gracious and glorious model for the Athenian sculptor to copy, was a figment of the brain, how about the Madonna and Child which Fra Angelico saw as he painted, reverently kneeling on his knees? If Pan did not lead the Hellenic forces, did Santiago head the Spanish? When the very presence of Satan is realized by the trembling Christian sinner, is he in any way differently held from the malefactor pursued by the Furies? The state of mind is the same—but the objective truth of the appearance? Was not

that maya, illusion, in each case alike? If this be not so, then have we no line of boundary between madness and sanity. If we affirm the truth of spiritual impressions, however we may name them, we open the doors of Bedlam and make its haunted inmates free citizens like the rest. The ghosts, which no one but ourselves discern—the apparitions which visit us in the dark watches of the night, but do not rouse the sleeper by our side—the snakes and devils of the frenzied drunkard—the fevered fancies of delirium—our nightly dreams and the melancholy presentiments of the day—the voice of God bidding us now perform some heroic deed, and now commit some ghastly crime—we have no standard by which to measure their truth or delusion if we hold by the reality of one set of revelations while maintaining that all the rest are false. If we do not admit the power of the mind to create according to its pleasure, we are befogged and our way is lost. To hold by the objective truth of one class of appearances, while we abandon others as troubled delusions, is as unphilosophic an attitude of mind as can well be imagined. Law is uniform; and, if Santiago led the armies of Spain, and the shaggy god of Arcady fought for those of Greece—if Luther wrestled with Satan, and Orestes was pursued by the Eumenides—and if God directly inspired Gordon, the Assassins of the Mountain are justified. Sex, age, and social condition help in this phantasmagoria. Not only hope, love, and belief change under the varying light of experience, but vices and virtues themselves are merely relative to time and place. The virtues of a child would be worse than follies in an adult. Things which are righteous in a man would be damnable in a woman; but were the man to give himself up to the small painstaking details which are prime virtues in a housekeeper, he would be lost for all the nobler qualities of his own sex. If a private individual takes life, he commits murder and a crime. Deputed by the sheriff, and sanctioned by twelve men and a judge, he performs a necessary civic function and no blame attaches to him. Suicide is a sin, but self-sacrifice is a virtue. Jacques, who killed himself that his wife might enjoy her love free of blame, was a criminal; but Father Damien will one day be made a saint. This conditional quality meets us at every turn. It forms part of the illusory character of all thought, all aspirations, all hope. It is the first of the lessons which are taught by experience and learnt

through mistake. It is the very pith and marrow of common sense, and Voltaire's *Huron* shows what we should be without it. We call it experience—necessity for modification, etc. It is none the less a confession of illusion. We begin life, then, in confidence, directness, certainty. All things from virtues to convictions, including our senses by the way, are as positive as so many mathematical conclusions. All our lines of demarcation are broad, bold, black, and firm; all our virtues are imperative, and our vices are just as sure. And we leave life with everything blurred, wavering, indistinct, uncertain. The Great Perhaps has replaced the absolute Fiat—the *Lux Mundi* is but a parhelion at the best. For the rest, the Unknown is the fittest confession—the Unknown, and, pending that further development which shall give us a few more and deeper convolutions than we have now, the Unknowable. Our love was an illusion; our friendship was a fancy; our divine voices were self-created; our aims and hopes and endeavors were all dreams—dreams! Positive certainty belongs to youth and inexperience only. When the one waxes into maturity and the other is dispelled by knowledge, positive certainty passes with the first and dissolves with the second. Then the phantasmagoric takes its place, and we confess that nothing stands four-square to all the winds that blow. In youth we shout aloud, "We know!" In old age we ask of the æons, "Que sais-je?" and they answer back in hollow murmurs, "Nothing!" To dream of joy and wake to sorrow; to believe in love and fall on disappointment; to know the pain of chilled endeavor and the anguish of destroyed belief; for the passionate vitality of strength to decline on the tremulous fears of weakness; from enthusiasm to come to hopelessness; from the glorious sunrise of illusion to live in the cold, gray twilight of knowledge; to exchange certainty for maya—this is Life, and these are its eternal lessons. Our first watchword is "Excelsior;" our last confession "Ichabod;" and for the glad resonance of "Sic itur," we sigh mournfully "Sic transit." From birth to death life is all phantasmagoric, illusive, conditional, and a dream; and when that death comes—what?

## THE RED AND WHITE BANNERS\*

When Tokiwa, the beautiful woman who had borne Yoshitomo three sons, heard of his assassination, she took her children and fled, hoping to find a place of shelter. Being in midwinter the snow lay thick on the ground, and as it fell it heaped up heavily on her wide hat and in the folds of her robes. With one child clutching her dress, one walking bravely ahead grasping his sword, and a baby, Yoshitsuné, at her breast, she faced the storm and cold until she reached shelter in a village of Yamato. But even there the Héiké tracked her out, and she and her children were carried to the capital. Here, for the sake of her children, Tokiwa entered the harem of Kiyomori, the regent of the empire. For their mother's sake he pardoned the three children. One became a priest in a monastery, one a page to the Mikado's son; but the baby, when weaned, was removed to the monastery on Mount Kurama, six miles north of Kyōto. The monks were ordered to educate the boy, and it was expected he would become a priest. Here is how the story of his life is told:

"This boy child was Yoshitsuné, the future hero. Being yet a mere child, he did not know who his ancestors were, nor did he suspect that he was of the mighty line of the Genji. He was a very short and chubby boy, with ruddy cheeks and protruding teeth. His nature was fiery and impetuous. He was so strong, active, restless, and fond of play that he gave great annoyance to the priests in the monastery.

"For these old gentlemen liked to be always quiet, which this 'young ox,' as they called him, never was. His teacher wanted to shave his head so as to have him smooth-pated like the monks, but he refused, and said his two elder brothers were to be priests, and he was ashamed of it. So he kept on his fine silk clothing, such as boys of noble blood wear, and wore his hair dressed in the butterfly or ringed style, at which the *bonzes* were greatly shocked.

"One day, when eleven years old, the boy got hold of a book of the Genji pedigree, and found out all about his ancestors. This made him more discontented than before. Keeping quiet over the matter, however, he resolved never

---

\*From "Honda the Samurai." A story of modern Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. Congregational Publishing Society.



to be a priest, but to become a warrior and redeem the Genji fortunes. After this he became very studious at his books by day and at night practised fencing.

"One day an iron-merchant from the East visited the monastery, and the 'young ox' persuaded the man to take him to the east. He said the priests would be only glad to get rid of him. This proved true. The 'young ox' left, and the priests never troubled their heads further about him. On the road eastward, being now fifteen years old, he put on the cap of manhood and took the name of Yoshitsuné. After some weeks he reached Shimosa. The boy soon showed the stuff he was made of by capturing a robber empty-handed. Afterward with his sword he drove off a whole gang of burglars, killing four on the spot. Afterward he went north and entered the service of Hidéhira, a wealthy prince, who had in his train many men of renown and faithful warriors.

"When Yoshitsuné went to war or took horseback exercise he put on his full suit of armor and equipments. His black lacquered bow, made of oak and bamboo, was strung with silk. His trusty blade was hilted with white shark-skin, and sheathed in a scabbard of ash-wood covered with tiger-skin, which was the mark of a commander in the Japanese army. His helmet was of iron, with the sign of a dragon and two frontlets of brass like horns, called skyscrapers. At his back was his quiver, well stored with heavy steel-headed and hawk's-feathered arrows. His *sashimono*, or white banneret, was marked with three black bars and the Genji crest of three gentian blossoms on three bamboo leaves. The *sashimono* was fastened to a rod and stuck in a wooden socket strapped to his back. His face was completely covered by a visor of lacquered iron, the chin and nose-piece having a long white tuft of hair for a beard, the cheeks puffed out, and the mouth-piece left open. This made a terrific visage. The nose-piece could also be removed so as to make hasty eating or drinking possible. His armor was of links and plates of lacquered and gold-incrusted iron, laced together with raw silk.

"In his gauntlets Yoshitsuné held a lacquered wand holding a bunch of strips of paper. This was a commander's badge of rank, and the paper was gilt, silvered, or plain, according to rank. With it he gave orders, waving it to the right or left, up or down, obliquely, etc., for advance, retreat, charge, or flank movement, as the case required. His feet

were shod with bear-skin, and his knees, thighs, arms, and body were all cased in deer leather, paper-lacquered until tough as tin, and chain-mail of iron held together by cords and lacings. When on a journey the armor was packed in a box which served him for a seat when in camp. Yoshitsuné remained four or five years with Lord Hidéhira and continued his military education until, hearing of his brother Yoritomo's march, he set out with a score of horsemen at his back to join his brother's camp at Fuji River.

"When Yoritomo wished to destroy the Héiké in the southern campaign he made trial of his younger brothers to find which of them was fit for the business; so he heated a copper water-jar very hot, and calling his brothers one by one into a wash-room, he made them hold it for him.

"Each one, as he took hold of the hot vessel, dropped it in a fright, and went off howling and blowing his fingers; but when Yoshitsuné grasped it, holding it with both hands, he never changed heart or color, but held it until his brother had finished washing.

"Yoritomo knew then that his Yoshitsuné had the courage and patience to carry the campaign to the end."

"So Yoshitsuné was put in command and marched to Kyôto, and thence southward to the castle into which the Héiké had taken refuge. The weakest part of the castle was backed by a high mountain, having such precipitous sides it was thought impossible for human beings or horses to descend it. Only the wild boar and deer made it their path. On all the other sides, except one narrow approach, was the sea. So the Héiké fancied themselves secure.

"Yoshitsuné, with his hundred picked horsemen, went around and ascended to the top of the hill overlooking the steep precipice. Then he set a horse loose and drove it down into the dense woods. For a few minutes nothing was seen or heard but the crashing of sticks and the scraping of tree-branches, and then the horse was seen trotting unharmed on the level ground below.

"Then, turning to his men, Yoshitsuné said, 'Follow me;' and clapping his stirrups and whipping his horse he dashed forward and down the face of the cliff. Forward then followed the whole band, and, after breathless plunges and some hard brushing against boughs and tumbling over stones and underbrush, the whole band with white pennons streaming

stood in battle array before the weak wall of the castle to the terror of the Héiké garrison.

"Victory and the red flag and many prisoners remained under the white banner. The palaces of the Héiké were one after another set on fire. The Héiké were driven to the end of the main island and took to their ships. The Genji prepared a fleet of seven hundred war-junks to pursue them and fight on the water. On the front of their great square sails were painted in figures, many feet wide, the crest of each captain and clan in the Genji following—such as the three dragon scales, the fire-tailed tortoise, the five-clawed dragon, the crossed hawk-feathers, the gentian flowers, and many others. All these were joined against the butterfly crest and the red banner.

"A storm having arisen, both fleets waited for calm weather before fighting. In the Héiké post were many nobles, ladies, and children who had fled with their brothers, husbands, and fathers from the comfortable palaces of Kyōto, and were now huddled together in the ships. Yet their spirit was unbroken, for had they not with them the young Mikado, Antoku, who, though a boy only seven years, was the Son of Heaven? And did they not have as talisman the crimson fan on which dwelt the spirit of the Emperor Takakura, now one of the gods?

"Their hope and talisman was this fan. Several years before, Takakura, the eighty-first Mikado of the heavenly line, had visited one of the holy shrines in the empire and there solemnly dedicated to the heavenly gods thirty crimson fans, on each of which was emblazoned the circle of the sun, the emblem of the goddess of the Holy Empire. When the Héiké forces, carrying with them Antoku, successor of the Emperor Takakura, fled defeated from Kyōto, they visited this sacred shrine to worship and implore the help of the gods. The priest in charge gave one of these fans to the young emperor, saying, 'Bear this fan into battle as thy shield and defence. The sun hereon is the spirit of the late emperor. If your enemies shoot at it, their arrows will recoil and strike their own bodies.'

"The Héiké, therefore, confident in the powers of the sacred talisman, had kept up heart and hope. Now on the eve of the battle they resolved to try the virtue of the fan to draw from it the omen of success or defeat.

"One morning, just as the sun was rising and the Genji advance posts were being ranged along the strand, the im-

perial barge of the Héiké moved out over the waters toward the Genji camp. A small boat put off from the barge, in which stood a beautiful lady arrayed in crimson court robes. Yoshitsuné watched her with intense eagerness, not knowing what her movements might mean. The scullers bent to their sculls, and the prow was kept shoreward, until within fifty yards of the beach, when all stood up. A turn of the stern scull put the boat broadside to the beach. There it lay quietly rocking on the tiny waves.

"At this moment a man in the boat raised a long bamboo pole split at the top in which was a rich gilt fan with the sun circle in the centre. The lady unfolded her own *ogi* (a court lady's fan of thin strips of white unpainted wood, laced together with a silk ribbon) and waving it defiantly to the Genji, mockingly dared them to shoot.

"It's a challenge to us to show that the men of the red banner mean to fight. They mock us with a woman, and dare us to try our skill at a fan target," said the Genji soldiers.

"Ho, archers, take your long bows and shoot!" cried Yoshitsuné. But not a man moved. All feared failure.

Then the commander spoke to Munétaki, the most famous archer of the eight provinces of the East.

"I charge you to maintain the fame of the white banner before the Héiké," added the commander.

"Your servant will make the attempt, and if he fail, will commit hara-kari," calmly replied Munétaki.

"Then the archer, mounting his war-horse, with but a single shaft, and his long bow in hand, rode out over the shallows into the water as far as he dared go. The boat rocked on the waters so unsteadily that failure seemed certain, but, praying to Hachiman for help, and fitting the shaft to his bow, he waited a few seconds until the fan-target seemed for a moment steady in the air. Then, aiming at the brass rivet in the end of the fan, he released the string.

"From the spectators on the bows of the Héiké boat and from the Genji watchers on the shore alike rose a mighty shout of astonishment, for the fan was first knocked skyward and then fell into the sea. All praised the skill of the eastern archer, but one Genji man denied that the fan had been hit at all; 'for,' said he, warming up with sudden zeal for the gods, 'the gods snatched away the fan, for it is profanation to shoot at the sun, the image of the gods.'

"Quite possible," said the modest archer, 'but I did not aim at the sun-circle; I tried to hit the rivet.'

"At this even the friends of Munétaki and those who had most praised him were very sad, and their countenances fell.

"What a pity," said some, 'that a brave soldier should thus tell a lie, and spoil his good fame by an empty boast of doing what is impossible!'

"He lies! he lies!" said the jealous man.

"The archer only said, 'Wait.'

"The shout of admiration from the Héiké fleet was succeeded by a calm of dismay, and in a few minutes after, a barge flying the red flag approached the shore, containing a flag of truce. With it were brought the arrow shot by Munétaki and the fan shot at. It was nicked and cut at the place of the rivet, but the sun-circle was unharmed. So the archer's honor and skill were alike safe from jealous tongues.

"The Héiké read in this omen the anger of the gods and the portent of defeat; but they resolved to fight to the bitter end. Truce having failed, the battle began. With oar and sail the fleets gathered to the work of war. The seven hundred war-junks of the Genji fleet came gayly on, seeming to rise like white mountains to the sky. The archers ranged along the deck opened on the enemy at long range. The scullers, singing wild war-songs in chorus with measured rise and fall of sculls, drove their long, sharp-bowed boats into and through the broadsides of their opponents, sinking them by the score; or, sweeping up alongside, the decks were boarded. Then the swords crossed. Hand-to-hand fights with the spear swept the decks, while even the scullers joined in the battle with sculls. The Genji men, with huge iron forks like meat-hooks, having long handles, raked the sea as a farmer harrows his field, and drew in their struggling or drowning enemies, and put them to death, saving only the nobles as prisoners. In the thick of the fight, the mother of Kiyomori, with the young Mikado, Antoku, leaped into the sea, and both were drowned.

"On that bloody day the fleet and host of the Taira were sunk or destroyed. The red flag, the butterfly crest, and the great family passed out of existence. Shortly after Yoshitsuné and his army entered Kyôto in triumph with their prisoners and spoils, and rested in the 'Blossom Capital.'"

## A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES\*

The peach was originally a very poisonous fruit, but by cultivation the poison has disappeared. . . . The surface of the sea is alive with vast swarms of minute organisms, both plants and animals, and the "Challenger" investigations have shown conclusively that showers of these keep dropping day and night like a constant rain toward the ooze of the bottom. . . . There is a difference of only twenty-two square miles between the areas of England and Iowa. . . . Professor A. Wou-  
vermann, of Vienna, in examining the permanence of water-  
colors, finds the most unalterable to be yellow ochre, terra  
sienna, sepia, and various blues; carmine lakes and the car-  
mines generally bleach almost into unrecognizability. . . . The  
ratio in which the different letters are used in the language is  
shown by the numbers of each letter supplied in a "bill of  
type" to the printers; the proportion is: z 3, x and j 5, q 6,  
k 8, v 15, b and g 20, p 24, w and y 25, m and f 30, c 40,  
u 45, d and l 50, h 60, r 70, n, o, and s 80, a and i 90, t  
100, and e 140. . . . In its native habitat the shell of the oyster  
is always a little open, and microscopic, waving hairs set up  
currents which carry the food plants to its mouth, where they  
are engulfed and afterward digested. . . . The proportions of  
the human figure are six times the length of the right foot;  
the face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the  
hair begins, to the end of the chin, is one-tenth of the whole  
stature; the hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle  
finger, is also one-tenth of the total height; from the crown  
to the nape of the neck is one-twelfth of the stature. . . . Ten  
days per annum is the average amount of sickness in human  
life. . . . The flora of Europe embraces about 10,000 species;  
India has about 15,000; the British possessions in North  
America have about 5,000; the Cape of Good Hope and Natal  
about 10,000, and Australia about 10,000. . . . One hundred  
and fifty thousand New York girls get 60 cents a day. . . .  
About 4,500 species of wild bees are known, of wasps 1,100,  
of which 170 and 16 respectively live in Britain. . . . The low-  
est body of water on the globe is the Caspian Sea; its level  
has been gradually lowering for centuries, and now it is 85  
feet below the level of its neighbor, the Black Sea. . . . In

---

\*Compiled expressly for CURRENT LITERATURE.



England there are on an average 5.38 persons to every inhabited house.... A medicament more powerful than quinine in counteracting fevers is said to have been discovered in Mexico; it is a plant called the pompolano, the root of which contains a substance analogous to quinine.... The lowest temperature ever recorded anywhere was noted by Gorochow, December 30th, 1871, at Werchojansk (Siberia)—81° Fahr., or 113 degrees of frost.... Twenty thousand words have been added to the English language in the department of biology since Darwin's discoveries.... Experiment has proved that if a delicate piece of lace be placed between an iron plate and a disc of gunpowder and the latter be detonated, the lace will be annihilated, but its impression will be clearly stamped on the iron.... There are about 1,400 places of worship in London.... A bird of immense wing power is the tiny stormy petrel, the smallest web-footed bird known; it belongs to every sea, and although so seeming frail, it breasts the utmost fury of the storm, skimming with incredible velocity the trough of the waves and gliding rapidly over their snowy crests; petrels have been observed 2,000 miles from nearest land.... The coast line of Alaska exceeds in length by 3,020 miles that of all the rest of the United States.... Each minute, night and day, by the official reports, the United States collects \$639 and spends \$461; the interest on the public debt was \$96 a minute last year, or just exactly equal to the amount of silver mined in that time.... A process has recently been discovered for making flour of bananas; chemical experiments show that this flour contains more nutriment than rice, and that when eaten with beans, corn, or sago, it forms a very palatable and nourishing diet.... The Salvation Army has 9,000 commissioned officers working in thirty-four countries and colonies, and about 1,000,000 adherents; the circulation of its weekly paper, the War Cry, has reached 31,000,000 per annum; in the United States there are 445 corps, 1,925 officers, with a War Cry circulation of 40,000 per week.... A microscopic examination shows that the word "hello" makes 16,000 indentations in a phonographic cylinder.... It is a mistake to suppose that polar research has cost enormously in human life; despite all the great disasters, 97 out of every 100 explorers have returned alive.... An instrument called the hæmatokrit, based on centrifugal action, has been invented for determining the volume of corpuscles in blood.

## CHORDS IN A MINOR KEY

---

*After All I....W. St. Leger....Black and White*

She loves me now. She kneels beside my bed,  
Her precious kisses bless my hands, my brow;  
There is no shame in such a passion now,  
For I am dead.

The blinds are drawn; a cross is at my head,  
And through the window, just two inches raised,  
There steal all sweets that ever birds have praised;  
But I am dead.

My ills are all forgiven; with faltering tone  
Love, where least looked for, finds some good to say,  
And all are kind, as on a child's birthday  
No faults are known.

With streaming eyes, and piteous bent head,  
She comes—too late. Not even that word is sad.  
I did not know; I do not wish I had,  
Now I am dead.

I cannot answer to her agony;  
In this great space of peace it makes no stir,  
And in good time the Lord will comfort her,  
Who comforts me.

*The Dread To-morrow....From the Cornhill Magazine*

How often doth the march of coming ill  
No echo of its footfall fling before,  
But steals adown the corridor, until  
It pauses—at the door!

The eagle's shadow warns the huddled flock;  
The tempest sends chill breezes through the sky,  
Its harbingers; on man disaster's shock  
Swoops all too suddenly.

The bark, through rapids piloted with care,  
Sails a smooth course, forgetting dangers gone,  
But strikes the hidden reef-edge unaware—  
Sinks!—and the stream flows on.

Our world all praise, our rapture at the height,  
 Songs on our lip and laughter in our eye,  
 The thunderbolt of Trouble, fiercely bright,  
     Falls from serenest sky.

No sign foretells the near approach of sorrow,  
 No note, no breath of warning in the air;  
 Still on each sweetest dream the dread To-morrow  
     Hath broken unaware.

Haply 'twas so ordained by wiser powers,  
 Who in the draught of suffering man must drain  
 Infused the memory of careless hours  
     As anodyne to pain.

Willing that each, unmindful of the knell,  
 Should pluck the flower, should hail the sun, and rest  
 Locked a forgetful while in honeyed spell,  
     Nor perish all unblest.

Accept the proffered boon with thankful heart,  
 Nor listen for the tramp of troublous years;  
 Remembered joy shall soothe when sorrow's smart  
     Turns thy sweet past to tears.

Noblesse Oblige....Carlotta Perry....Boston Traveller

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code,  
     By love inspired;  
 Of him on whom much is bestowed,  
     Is much required;  
 The tuneful throat is bid to sing,  
 The oak must reign the forest's king,  
     The rushing stream the wheel must move,  
     The tempered steel its strength must prove,  
 'Tis given with the eagle's eyes  
 To face the midday skies.

If I am weak and you are strong,  
     Why then, why then  
 To you the braver deeds belong!  
     And so again,  
 If you have gifts and I have none,  
 If I have shade and you have sun,

'Tis yours with freer hand to give,  
'Tis yours with truer grace to live,  
Than I who, giftless, sunless, stand  
With barren life and hand.

Love in Absence....George Eyre-Todd....The Glasgow Citizen

The lamp is lit, the fire glows red,  
The storm roars over the roof;  
I am weary of weaving the drowsihead  
Of thought into warp and woof.

The music lies in the yellow light,  
I finger the ivory keys;  
But the charm—the charm is fled to-night  
Of melody wont to please.

I turn the pages of sweet Scots song,  
But it is not sung by me:  
These airs to a gentler voice belong;  
Each page has a memory.

Books hold me not; at last I rise,  
For the lines but fade from view;  
I am haunted—by splendor of shining eyes,  
And my heart, sweetheart! is with you.

Asleep....From All the Year Round

An hour before, she spoke of things  
That Memory to the dying brings,  
And kissed me all the while;  
Then, after some sweet parting words,  
She seemed among her flowers and birds,  
Until she fell asleep.

'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now;  
The crimson leaves fall off the bough,  
And strew the gravel sweep.  
I wander down the garden walk,  
And muse on all the happy talk  
We had beneath the limes;  
And, resting on the garden seat,  
Her old Newfoundland at my feet,  
I think of other times.

Of golden eyes, when she and I  
Sat watching here the flushing sky,  
The sunset and the sea;  
Or heard the children in the lanes,  
Following home the harvest wains,  
And shouting in their glee.

But when the daylight dies away,  
And ships grow dusky in the bay,  
These recollections cease;  
And, in the stillness of the night,  
Bright thoughts that end in dreams as bright  
Communicate their peace.

I wake and see the morning star,  
And hear the breakers on the bar,  
The voices on the shore;  
And then, with tears, I long to be  
Across a dim, unsounded sea,  
With her forevermore.

**Fate....Unidentified....New York Critic .**

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,  
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought  
Each of the other's being, and no heed;  
Yet these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands  
Shall cross; escaping wreck, defying death,  
And all unconsciously shape every act  
And bend each wandering step unto this end,  
That one day out of darkness they shall meet,  
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life  
So closely side by side, that should one turn  
Ever so little space to left or right,  
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;  
Yet these with groping hands that never clasp,  
With wistful eyes that never meet, and lips  
Calling in vain on ears that never hear,  
Shall wander all their weary days unknown  
And die unsatisfied. And this is Fate !

## VANITY FAIR: FADS AND FASHIONS

*The Etiquette of Sleep....Power Through Repose....New York Recorder*

We seem to have an epidemic of fads as often as we do of the grip, and it breaks out at about the same season. The latest thing in fads is the education of sleep. It is a Boston woman who has evolved the system. Even Boston girls have not until now carried education beyond the realm of consciousness. The apostle of this new creed is Miss Annie Payson Call, who has come to New York with the idea of expounding her theories. Miss Call starts out with the astounding statement that but one human being in a hundred knows how to sleep! and this hundredth wise person is a baby. She points to the abandon of the domestic cat or dog while it slumbers, to the peaceful expression of the tired cart-horse as he stands napping by the curbstone, and she says, "Now you never see a human being sleep like that." Miss Call then proceeds to describe the various poses and attitudes that render sleep unrestful. She says it is a sort of "instinctive egotism" that makes people try to look after themselves during the hours of sleep. "They have not sufficient faith in the bed to relax the muscles and trust to its soft and willing support. They cling to it as if the mattress, with some sudden malicious impulse, might toss them on the floor, and they dig their heads down into the pillows as if there was danger of a sudden insurrection among the feathers. They clutch the bedclothes, brace themselves, clasp their knees, clinch their hands, set their teeth, and wriggle and writhe as if the surface of the bed were an angry sea in which they were about to drown; in fact, waking becomes a relaxation from the tension of sleeping." The teacher does not make it clear how an individual is to find out whether he or she sleeps properly. She says, however, that one who does not sleep with relaxed muscles gets up in the morning feeling as if he had been tramping from the Battery to Harlem, and, worse than this, there will be a tendency to say that the toast is too brown, the coffee too strong, and otherwise to evidence a nicety of judgment that is not comfortable for the other members of the family. In so serious a case as this, one naturally looks for a remedy. Is there no way to get unwound? No way to resign to a kind Providence and the bed our bones and bodies?



Miss Call says there is. This wrong way of sleeping you must conquer while you are awake. It is the old story of preparing for war in time of peace. Miss Call has a theory so exhaustive and lengthy that it is only possible to give a summary: First of all, you must stop wasting your energy. "Save your strength that the soul may act. Don't grip and clutch so much. When you carry a muff don't clinch your hands within it, and if you hold a book don't do it as if a steam-engine were trying to pull it away from you. When you ride in a street-car don't stiffen the muscles of your neck so. Your head won't fall off—it can't." Proceeding in her discourse, Miss Call touches one of woman's weakest points by saying that all this labor during sleep has a tendency to produce a look of care and induce wrinkles. "It is of little use," she says, "to plaster your face with creams and cerates when you go to bed, and then screw your features into a grimace of agony and keep them so all night." Now all this may be conquered by cultivating a spirit of independence among the members of your body. Teach them that they are detachments and not corporations, and that such of them as are not wanted shall keep still. For instance, if you wish to do something with the fourth finger of your left hand, use it as if you hadn't another finger in stock. In Boston, where the supreme ego seems to get better development than it does in New York, they call this "devitalization." That is, where you only have use for one member you are to render, by the action of your mind, all the others dead, and they are to come to life only when wanted. Miss Call names this feat "the regeneration of the body." There is a nugget of good, hard sense in her admonition: "Know first exactly what you want to do, and then do it with the least possible exertion." She then proceeds to give a lesson in sublime egotism. She says: "No matter how small you are, always think of yourself as colossal. This feeling reacts upon the mind and you become as big as you think you are." The object of all this is to bring the body so completely under subjection to the mind, that even in sleep the mind retains its mastery. Before retiring, you are to relax all the muscles. Conceive of the arms as dead weights and lift them up and down by means of the shoulders. Consider your legs pendulums and let them swing like inert things. When you have completed the process of devitalization—that is, when you are all dead except your

mind, get into bed; sit upright, conceive of the backbone as a strand of beads, and let yourself down until the unlimbered head falls upon the pillow. Let the arms fall helplessly, divest the whole body of its responsibility which the bed has assumed. If you follow these instructions properly, Miss Call assures you that you will go to sleep at once and sleep all night. If you lie awake, then your lesson has not been properly learned. A part of the teaching consists in training the pupils to go to sleep at command. It is claimed that one can be trained to lie down and instantly fall asleep, and that this sleep may continue exactly as long as the sleeper wills.

**The Ultra-Fashionable Man....Wm. A. Clarke....Clothier and Furnisher**

A contradictory is the first impression of him in that he is not ultra—but merely well dressed. And yet from the insertion of his scarf-pin into the middle of his big Burlington scarfing, throughout all the other details of his personnel the harmonies of attire are perfectly preserved. There is nothing in the ensemble of the Ultra-Fashionable Man to particularly fasten one's attention, but when one cogitates upon what one will choose to wear, his image invariably rises up in mentorship. If one could tell just why one considers the Ultra-Fashionable Man ultra-fashionable, he would cease to be entitled to the characterization as such. Therein is his art. He seems not to be conscious that he is well dressed, but it is quite clear that his right to be so considered lies in an attention to and observance of the more technical adjustments of the various articles of attire. This, moreover, being accomplished in a manner that imparts to him a distinction not amounting to too marked a difference in comparison with the average man one meets. He rarely leads the fashions—does the well-dressed man. He fears to! The Ultra-Fashionable Man occasionally comments upon the fashion foibles of the days and then he is delightful. He once remarked that the gold-headed cane was the most adventitious of all the gifts in the calendar of compliments. "It may be only worn in one way," he added swiftly, "in a glass case." The most finical points of incongruity do not escape him. Following out the plan of the stitched velvet collars on the overcoats, a certain young swell appeared at one of the Assembly balls with stitching upon the velvet collar on his dress coat. The Ultra-Fashionable Man shook his head. "Wrong," said he,

"there is no excuse for it! It does not follow the plain finish of the coat throughout. The overcoats have stitching profusely about the sleeves and strapped seams. Here it is, a bit of isolated decoration. It means, if it means anything, a desire to have something different from everybody else, to the end that the innovation shall not escape attention." There is a black velvet collar of the finest quality on his own dress coat. There is no embroidery upon his waistcoat. He reserves the right to tie his one-and-a-quarter-inch lawn cravat in a distinguished and palpable way so that it shall not be confounded with the precise and pretty made-up effects. There are three small pearls in his perfectly plain extra wide dull-laundered shirt-front. The Ultra-Fashionable Man is careful of his clothes. They are well brushed and fresh-looking. But there is never, at the same time, a fastidious watchfulness of saving them from wear. There is never a glimmer of economy in the make-up of the true swell. He does not lift his coat-tails when he sits down. He does not go through the vulgar process of grabbing his trousers just below his middle and wrenching them up so that they will not bag at the knee, and is aware that the latest wrinkle in trouserdom is not to have any creases. The Ultra-Fashionable Man decreed that the creasing should cease at once, that the process was being performed from the standpoint that it kept the trousers longer in shape. The fad was merely the result of accident in its inception. When it became cheapened it had to be promptly foregone. Not only will the Ultra-Fashionable Man never lapse into the giving way to any of the fixed solecisms of dress, but will not condone them even when they are perpetrated but do not appear. "I hold a man just as guilty that wears a high hat with his overcoat—if there is a short sack coat underneath—as the combination of the tall hat and short coat worn openly would make him." "An accident," he added, "or some unforeseen happening might cause him to lose his top coat, and the appearance for an instant under the enforced conditions would make the fraud apparent and add to the enormity of faux pas." The religion of the Ultra-Fashionable Man's etiquette is found in his construction of "Love thy neighbor as thyself" to mean literally, "Be considerate of thy neighbor as thyself." He is the first to rise in the public conveyance to give some other fellow's mother or sister a seat, as he would expect the woman's brother or

father or son to do the same for one of his own female relations under similar circumstances. There is a finesse about his gentility that is charming. Once when the Ultra-Fashionable Man was chatting with a beautiful woman the question was asked him if he did not know a certain person of no particular importance in the world of affairs on society. The Ultra-Fashionable Man in the realm of art, letters, and finance was already important, even at his prime of life; he did not reply as though his acknowledgment of acquaintance was a matter of condescension by saying, "He is a friend of mine!" But to the contrary he made answer: "Oh, very well, I am a friend of his!" Thus politely indicating that in knowing a friend of the lady's the obligation was entirely upon his side. These little distinctions will always carry with them a delightful significance; and their non-observance will often be the cause of much ill-feeling and unpleasantness—as witness the case of the gentleman that met that fine type of old-school jurist, Judge Conkling, upon one occasion, and said somewhat patronizingly: "Oh, you are the father of Roscoe Conkling!" "No," thundered the grand old fellow, testily, "Roscoe Conkling is my son." There is a suggestion of old-time courtliness in the demeanor of the Ultra-Fashionable Man—that epoch may be truly said to be nearer to his temperament—but it is only a suggestion, not so marked as to be noticeable, otherwise he would be, to use one of his own similes, "out of drawing." Moreover, to seem to desire to attract attention is his veriest *bête noir*. Some of the notions of the Ultra-Fashionable Man verge upon a quality of chivalric politeness that it is difficult to repress. While he would cut a stalwart figure in the short clothes of a past régime and might welcome, mayhap, a return of the days of frippery and brocade, he does not favor the decorative innovations in men's dress. "They are not," he contends, "in keeping with the spirit and manners of the times. "One does not," he argues, "take off one's hat as in Fleet Street during Brummel's reign, stand stock-still, and bow elaborately." "Ah, yes!"—this with just a shade of regret—"we move more swiftly and live faster than the minuet tempo; we barely have time, nowadays, to romp through the cotillon." There is the merit of poignant satire in some of the criticisms upon the vagaries and overdoings of his fellow-men in the field of attire. Once a friend remarked upon a bediamonded personage

decked out in a huge sealskin coat, in tones of laudation: "What do you think of that?" "He appears to be very expensively arrayed!" was the politely satirical comment. Said one of the leading men of the clubs upon one occasion, in reference to the Ultra-Fashionable Man: "He could not be dressed as he is were he not a gentleman and he could not but be a gentleman to be dressed as he is." And this is, perhaps, epigrammatically put, the sum, substance and epitome of the type men of refinement and intelligence are wont to regard as the "glass of fashion and the mould of form."

**Unappreciated Heroines....The Emancipated Woman....London Hawk**

The modern theory of the equality of the sexes has made great progress of late—among women. A growing belief in the fitness of "the lesser man" to meet her lord on equal terms in every corner of the battle-field of life is rapidly taking possession of the female mind. Man, however, remains wholly unconvinced, and, whatever outward concessions he may find it expedient to make to the new doctrine, he holds it in his private judgment to be utterly untenable and pernicious, and shows not the smallest sign of being persuaded to the voluntary renunciation of his sex's traditional claim to superiority. He refuses to believe in her reasoning powers, her mental equilibrium, or her moral balance, and persists, like his forefathers, in regarding her as fickle, inconstant, timid, and capricious; a creature to be driven—with a loose rein, perhaps, and with kindness rather than whip or spur—but still by no means to be given her head, or allowed to pursue her course uncontrolled by the guiding hand of her natural master. The male tyrant, seeing his dominion threatened, and his sway disputed, is too blinded by jealousy to perceive that the emancipated woman of to-day is altogether a different being from the soft-clinging, tender creature whom he has been accustomed in unenlightened times to cherish and protect. At all periods the heroic woman has been regarded as something of an anomaly, and has received but scant justice at the jealous hands of male historians; but now that the examples of feminine courage and endurance multiply around us every day, it is surely time for the masculine usurper to recognize facts, and to awaken to those altered conditions of existence which produce Joans of Arc and Grace Darlings as plentifully as blackberries. In every walk of life we find

them now—these undaunted, irrepressible females, who glory in the possession of a self-imposed mission, and who fulfil that mission in noble disregard of the feelings either of themselves or their neighbors. What can surpass, for instance, the heroic fortitude of the lady society reporter? The old ideas of modest retirement which used to dominate the unregenerate woman of a former age are in her case exchanged, with sublime self-sacrifice, for the pushing assurance of the commercial traveller. As she elbows her way, note-book in hand, through the seething crowd at Lady Severndyle's reception, worrying her hostess for a list of the guests and pestering people for information about their "frocks," who shall realize the depth of the anguish inflicted upon her sensitive spirit? Yet she nobly pursues her appointed task, and no one ever suspects that beneath that apparently brazen exterior there may lurk a shrinking, retiring spirit, which is writhing in the unspeakable torments inflicted by an overmastering sense of duty. Has the male unbeliever considered, too, the hardships so nobly borne by the lady county-councillor? It is not much, perhaps, that she is called upon to suffer pecuniary penalties for attempting to occupy a position from which she is legally debarred, but she is compelled, in addition, to undergo the penance of notoriety and public advertisement, which must indeed be gall and wormwood to a soul inspired with a no less exalted ambition than that of serving the public in heroic defiance of the law of the land. Then there is the still higher heroism of the Ibsenite actress, whose self-denial prompts her to assist in discovering the "true inwardness" of life by studying loathsome characters, and taking part in the production of dramas of disease and analytical studies of physical and moral putridity. Is she not a heroine indeed who can thus immolate herself upon the sacred altar of emancipation, and yield up her natural love of the pure and the beautiful as a willing offering at the shrine of a Scandinavian Dagop? Yet, if such instances as these fail to elevate man's opinion of latter-day woman, there remains a still higher and nobler type, the contemplation of which cannot fail to overawe the stubbornest masculine heart. Within the past few days there has been held, at a public hall in a fashionable suburb, a bazaar devoted to the promotion of a new and highly-improved form of feminine dress. Only those who personally witnessed that exhibition can have any



conception of the extraordinary and unexampled heroism displayed by its promoters and their assistants. Here, if it will be believed, we had elderly ladies of matronly figure and massive proportions, positively exposing themselves to the public gaze in trousers and short skirts, for the sublime object of improving the public taste in dress! Here we had angular spinsters of uncertain age, ambling and simpering in the "divided skirt" associated with the immortal name of Bloomer, and readily exposing their attenuated calves and osseous ankles to show the gaping on-lookers of both sexes the advantages of the costume and the details of its construction. Surely it was heroism of no common order that enabled these earnest and enthusiastic dress reformers to lend themselves to this unsightly and ludicrous exhibition? *Ce n'est que la ridicule qui tue*, and the indomitable females who did not shrink from making laughing-stocks of themselves at Kensington recently for the sake of their "rational" dress delusion, were undeniably of the stuff of which modern heroines of the first rank are constructed. Surrounded as he is on all sides by devoted, single-hearted women like these, who fear not to show their defiance of ridicule—to say nothing of more material exhibitions—at the sacred call of duty, how long will the so-called "lord of creation" continue to dispute the claim of the modern Eve to rank herself as his equal? Is he waiting for her to display still more of her unflinching boldness than she has already manifested? If so, he may rest assured that she will not shrink from the ordeal, and, judging from her latest achievement, she may yet succeed in astonishing him.

Source of Beauty....J. V. Shoemaker....Heredity, Health, and Beauty

Among the higher races of mankind the female sex has become the fair sex simply because men have combined to make it the fairer. Wherever possible these races have sought to relieve women almost entirely of labor. Whole classes of women among them have nothing to do that can be called labor, let alone toil. Many individuals among them are mere human butterflies, flitting from flower to flower, with no more exercise than sufficient to enable them to sip in quickest succession the sweets of life. That this is for their best good, without some ballast for their airy flight through life, is not the question here; it certainly is conducive to beauty. Fresh air, exercise, the best food, and the revivifying influence of

constant change, they have; and while these directly promote beauty, the absence of care is the greatest cosmetic in the world. In this complexity of conditions represented by the highest civilization, the pure and simple attraction of the sexes for each other is dominated by many causes known in but slight degree, if at all, to primitive men. Even in the United States the conditions of sexual relations are becoming more and more complex, as time goes on and the country matures. The time was when they were almost of pastoral bucolic simplicity. The time was, only about forty years ago, when rich men, as rich men for their day as other men are rich for the present day, lived and died unknown. Now, the idea of wealth, the idea of the desirability of wealth has more or less pervaded all ranks. The resulting social condition reminds one of the replies of Dumas's Jew to the questions of the High Chancellor of France: "What is your name?" "I am worth twelve millions." "What is your age?" "I tell you I am worth twelve millions." "Your profession?" "Why, do you not understand? I repeat, I am worth twelve millions." This commercial spirit of the times, or rather the contempt for the shop associated with love of its profits, has affected nothing more in civilized countries than the relations of the sexes, has introduced considerations of money into marriage, and has intensified that condition abroad. Worthy considerations as these are, when kept within bounds, they have now reached a point where they are often too influential in determining choice. Despite all interests, however, romantic love sometimes seizes two creatures in a whirlwind of passion and raises them to the skies. In addition to the signal and undeniable fact of the change mentioned, is the other more potent, overruling, and perennial fact, which more largely than any other influence determines marriage and the increasing beauty of the female sex, through the selection by men of those most agreeable in person, to the neglect of others. The love of the beauty of the female sex by the opposite sex is proved not only by choice being more largely determined by that than by any other element; it is proved also by the sedulous care with which men of civilized races guard their women against the hardships which are prejudicial to beauty. On the contrary, the normal woman, advanced beyond the bread-and-butter age, cares little for male attributes, except such as indicate strength and courage, such as constitute manliness,

The men of the higher races have, from the earliest times of which we know anything, worshipped the beauty of the other sex, and that sex has complacently accepted the tribute to its charms, as why should it not? Men's preference, therefore, having always been for those individuals of the opposite sex whose beauty was greatest, the result has manifested itself not only in wooing and wedding, but in the inheritance, in ever-increasingly greater degree, by female offspring of those physical attributes which made the mothers attractive. All this implies romantic love, relief from burdensome labor, and freedom from the care of providing subsistence for the family; all of which, as has been shown, are conditions favorable to the creation and conservation of beauty. The dissonance produced by absence of beauty—producing conditions, when the forces just described are in abeyance, is exhibited by the characteristics of strong-minded women. Sexual selections has generally stood them aside from relation to posterity. They are, for the most part, like the exceptional species of which mention has been made, where the female is the pugnacious element of the conjugal bond, wears the comb, spurs, and hackles of the opposite sex, and they are when wedded, like similarly situated individuals of that species, in being followed by a crest-fallen mate. It follows that, if the character of the higher races does not change, and the physical conditions on earth do not change, and it is improbable that they will change for at least some millions of years, the beauty of women will go on increasing for a long time to come. Ease and comfort, as a whole enjoyed by civilized peoples, have greatly increased all over the world within a hundred years, and as they are likely still further to increase, beauty will, through men's admiration of it, combined with these favorable conditions, go on increasing in amount and degree, and become proportionally prized. Summing up all the agencies at work among the higher races as fruitful of increasing female beauty, we may well assume its further great development. These influences are men's devotion to it, women's lessened labor and care, their higher education, and their social development. These conditions must produce in turn romantic love, vigor of body, and maintenance of youthful appearance, amiability of expression and the intellectual and spiritual graces of the countenance; all of which, in the aggregate, will mean increased beauty for the future.

## SOCIETY VERSE: FANCY FREE

She Knew the Worst....H. S. Tomer....Judge

"Sweetheart, you deem me good," I said,  
As I took Bessie's soft, white hand;  
"You think the life that I have led  
Has been quite perfect, pure, and grand.

"But ere we wed, my darling Bess,  
I tell you frankly that my ways  
Have been quite devious: I confess  
I've spent some wicked nights and days."

"Nay, say no more," quoth Bess, demure;  
"I know it all—I know the worst;  
Your mother told me, and I'm sure  
You told *her* all your follies first."

What could I say? This trustful lamb  
Had learned that once I teased the cat  
And twice or thrice had stolen jam—  
How could I deal with faith like that?

To Dolly's Lips....Margherita Arlina Hamm....Truth

No, ne'er did singing, by its flattering art,  
To two vermilion lips more charms impart;  
Less sweet the flute's enchanting tones appear,  
When softly stealing o'er the slumbering ear;  
Your accents Love's own God himself must teach,  
For they the heart as well as ear can reach.  
O Dolly, blest indeed the youth must be  
To whom you deign to ope those lips of rose,  
But still an hundred times more blest is he  
Who may presume those lovely lips to close.

To a Pair of Shoon....Left on a Window Seate....Life

Oh, you Saucie littyle Paire!  
With yre daintie littyle Aire.  
I doe admit you're most provoking Sweete;  
Yett, alas! I doe complaine  
You are Sadlye Proude & Vaine,  
Just because My Ladye letts you touch hr feete.

You turne uppe yr littyle Toes,  
 Lyke a Prettie Mayde hr Nose,  
 Since My Ladye deigns to weare you—Now and Thenne.  
 Yett you've Ryvvalls—Bootes & Shoes—  
 'Mongst ye wh My Deare maye chuse,  
 Lyke ye Prettie Mayde maye chuse 'ymongst ye Menne.

Soe Slippers, Don't be Vaine!  
 & when she comes againe,  
 Bee sure My Love right Modestlie ye greete;  
 Ye Kysse I hyde in Eache  
 Praye givve her wth ths Speeche:  
 "Tredd lightlye, for hs Heart's beneath the yr feete: "

Stolen Sweets....J. P. Denison....Puck

'Tis said that "stolen sweets are best"—  
 'Twas Cibber who conceived it—  
 And hundreds, since the poet wrote,  
 Have foolishly believed it.

But I shall still declare it false,  
 Although the line outlives me;  
 No stolen kiss could be as sweet  
 As those Priscilla gives me.

Souvenirs....Anna Reeve Aldrich....Kate Field's Washington

Where is the glove that I gave to him,  
 Perfumed and warm from my arm that night?  
 And where is the rose that another stole  
 When the land was flooded with pale moonlight?  
 And the satin slipper I wore? Alack!  
 Some one had that—it was wrong, I fear.  
 Where are those souvenirs to-day?  
 But where are the snows of yester-year!

The glove was burned at his next love's prayer,  
 And the rose was lost in the mire of the street.  
 And the satin slipper he tossed away,  
 For his jealous bridé had not fairy feet!  
 Give what you will; but know, mesdames,  
 For a day alone are your favors dear.  
 Be sure, for the next fair woman's sake  
 They will go—like the snows of yester-year!

## THE SKETCH BOOK: LIFE STUDIES

The Story of Don....Marie More Marsh....The Chicago Times

A woman lived alone with her dog. To the dog there was little in the world besides the woman—she fed him and kept him warm and comfortable, and he was grateful.

To the woman there was nothing in the world besides the dog. He stood guard over her poor possessions while she was away at her work, and when she came home at night he was glad to see her and barked with delight. He was a friend, loving, and kind, and true; what more could she ask?

She had had something more—or was it less? There had been a man, who was her husband, and she had fed him and kept him warm and comfortable, but he had not been grateful. He had not even guarded her possessions while she was away at her work. He had sold them and pawned them, until they were pitifully few—then he had gone away and left her.

And she had lost all faith in men and had come to be cynical and hard, for nature had somehow reversed things sadly in the man and the dog that she had known best—the dog was noble and the man was a cur.

There are bad dogs and good dogs just as there are bad men and good men, and this woman happened to have known a better class of dogs than of men, that is all.

One day the dog sickened. His legs stiffened and his body grew rigid, the pupils of his great honest eyes dilated until there was neither sight nor recognition in them, and his breath came in quick, shuddering gasps. Then there was a gradual relaxation of the tense muscles, and he lay limp and panting, trying by a feeble wag of his tail to show his dear mistress that he knew her.

Soon the paroxysms came again, and now and then a low, pitiful moan, almost human in its agony, told how the poor beast suffered.

Each convulsion left him weaker, until at last with a great effort he raised his head a little and licked his mistress' hands with a tongue already cold and stiffening, then his head fell back heavily and there was a rattling in his chest, and he was dead.

With a quivering sigh the woman drew the dog's head into her lap as she sat beside him on the floor. She did not weep.



Her eyes were hot and dry. She took his soft ears between her fingers and stroked them as though he had been alive. He was the only thing she had had to love.

A shadow fell across the threshold and a man called her name. An angry look came into her eyes as she saw her truant husband before her.

His voice was gentle and his words were full of repentance. "I have come back to take care of you, Anne, if I may. We will go to some new country and put the old life behind us."

The woman spoke no word, and the man stooped down and patted the dog's neck. "Don, old fellow, you were more of a man than your master," he said. "Don was loyal and true, Anne, and I was not; but if he could he would plead for me now, for I feel that I am not humbling myself enough when I ask to take his—the dog's—place, Anne, in your heart. Poor, neglected little wife, will you let me try?"

The stern lips trembled and the hard lines in the woman's face were softened by tears as she bowed her head; and there, over the faithful heart of the dead dog, their hands clasped in the new compact.

**Travelling in Comfort....The Old Man's Story....Detroit Free Press**

The old man had just arrived on the train, at his son's house, from the country.

"Well, father," said the boy, "I hope you came in the sleeping-car, as I told you to, and had a good night's sleep."

The old man smiled a sarcastic smile. "Oh, yes," he said, "I had a good sleep, first-rate sleep; went to bed early."

"Did you wake up during the night?"

"Only twicet; only went to sleep twicet."

"Say, father!" said the young man, "you've got two great bumps on top of your forehead. What have you been doing?"

"Them's the two times I woke up; passed another train both times, an' when I heerd the big engine whizzin' by an' the bell ringin' I thought 'twas a fire an' jumped up slam agin the ceilin'. It's lucky I was awake one time, though."

"Why, how so?"

"The high an' mighty importer that laughed when I ast to go to my room early in the evenin' was sneakin' off with my boots."

"Why, he was only going to shine them for you."

"Oh, go 'way," said the old man. "I never ast him to

shine 'em. Anyway, I took 'em to bed with me after that an' never slep' another wink. Say, Henry, you ain't got an old pair of suspenders, have ye?"

"I guess I can find a pair for you—yes."

"Busted mine tryin' to put my pantaloons on layin' down. Done it, though. Got all dressed layin' flat—boots, pantaloons, coat, collar, necktie—hull business."

"Why didn't you get out of the berth to put on your collar and coat?"

"Wimmin in the car. Got a handy place where I kin wash up, Henry? There was a well o' water in the car an' I pumped some, but the train was goin' so fast I couldn't stand up to the sink. Say, Henry, what time's dinner ready? I'm so hungry I bin eatin' my whiskers."

"Didn't you breakfast in the dining-car as I told you?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man—"Oh, yes, but I didn't want to go it too expensive, so I told the feller I'd just take a cup of coffee an' some buckwheat pancakes."

"Pretty light breakfast, that's so," said Henry.

"Yes," said the old man, "light breakfast; two pancakes."

"Well, come down-stairs and we'll fix up something to eat right away. You mustn't wait for dinner."

"Charged me a dollar," continued the old man. "Feller set next to me eatin' grapes an' oranges an' oysters an' stewed chicken an' biled eggs, an' I don't know what all. When we got back in the bedroom car I told him I calc'lated that breakfast he et cost thirteen dollars. An' then he told me breakfast was a dollar anyway, w'ether you et much or little. You'd oughter wrote me 'bout that, Henry."

"Well, father, a man can ride pretty comfortably nowadays after he gets used to it," said Henry as he started to lead the old gentleman to the bath-room for a wash.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, a man can ride all right now," replied the old man, and the smile lasted until he started to wash his face from the faucets over the bath-tub.

**The Simultaneous Thought....Julius Chambers....On a Margin**

"Something occurred in my sight once that has altered my entire life," she began. "I've never told a human being, though I've described it to myself a hundred thousand times. Perhaps I shall be absolved of my long penance if I confide the secret to some one else, just as I see it now.

"I am a mere child. It is a warm summer day, and I am in a carpenter's shop somewhere—for I never knew the name of the place—hunting blocks for toy-houses among the shavings. In the centre of the room are two workmen, quite near each other. They are intimate friends. One is using a broad-axe. He is trimming down a piece of timber, while the other makes mortise-holes in an end of the same great log. The younger man, who works with the mallet and chisel, is pale and much exhausted. Laying down his tools, he slowly raises his arms above his head as he draws out:

"'You handle that axe so well, George.'

"'Yes?' murmurs the axeman in a strangely interrogative tone, as the bright steel cleaves the sides of the tough beam. Now he stops chopping to glare vacantly at the cold gray metal; now he resumes work more vigorously.

"'It seems so keen,' the younger says.

"'And sure,' the elder adds.

"'Life's such a bore, I wish you'd split my head——'

"Poor fellow, he's taken at his word. A flash of light and a new crash put an everlasting period to the dialogue. I see the axe's blade buried in the skull of the young apprentice, while its handle still quivers in the elder workman's grasp.

"My God! the look of horror on that murderer's face! It fades away, and the man falls in a swoon upon the floor.

"I hear the rush of feet. Blanched faces gather round in awful silence. I am not seen.

"They do not suspect me of the terrible crime.

"Why don't somebody speak?

"How hideous is silence!

"I see the only one object in that room. Not the bleeding corpse, but the man who has done the murder. I alone have heard their conversation. I alone know how the young man begged for death. I crawl over to the prostrate chopper of wood. I understand the case. I stoop down and kiss his cold forehead. I forgive him—for I know that he only obliged a friend. They tell me that he also is dead. Strong men strive to tear me from him, but I beg to stay. They deny me this.

"I scream, 'He is my father!'

"Now, I swear to you that man acted without moral intent. I understand the psychology of that crime now. It was the correlation, the reciprocity of like thought simultaneously

present in two minds. We are told of danger in conjunctions of the myriad stars, of human ills that track the wake of an eclipse — what are they all compared to the impulse that makes an innocent man a murderer?"

There was a long pause.

"It was all so horrible that I believe the average death-rate in the village increased," Mootla resumed, hearing anew her own thoughts. "There were two suicides soon after, and a boy lover strangled his sweetheart."

**Answering the Farmer's Question....Bill Arp....The Sunny South**

By invitation I made a speech not long ago at a farmers' barbecue in a neighboring county, and I spread myself in encouraging our people to keep up with the age, and I pictured the innocence and honesty and independence of a farmer's life in multitudinous language. I was cheered and congratulated, of course, and when I got through an old grizzly fellow came up, with brass-bound spectacles, and says he to me: "My friend, you talk mighty well; you talk like a lawyer; but I would like to know if you can tell me what kind of a calf makes the best milch cow?"

"A heifer calf," said I, and the crowd just yelled.

I got the grin on the old man, and so says: "Let me ask you a question, and you may ask me another, and the man who can't answer his own question must treat to cigars."

"All right," says he, "now go ahead."

Said I: "How does a ground-squirrel dig his hole without leaving any dirt around the top?"

He studied awhile and then gave up, and, in a triumphant tone, called on me to answer.

"Why," said I, "he begins at the bottom."

"Well, but how does he get to the bottom?" said the old man, as though he had me.

"I don't know," said I; "I never did know, and as it is your question you must answer or pay."

The crowd yelled again, and the old man bought the cigars.

**Grandfather's Dream....Mrs. M. L. Rayne....Arkansaw Traveller**

He came down to breakfast with a troubled look on his dear old face. There were deeper shadows than usual under his faded eyes, shadows that foretold the coming of that greater shadow for which he was "only waiting."

"I've had a dream, children," he said, looking around the table and including young and old. It was a way he had with us children, who ranged in age from infancy to ripe maturity.

"What was it, gran'father?" asked one of the children, turning to the dear old man.

"Strange," mused the old man, "I haven't dreamed of leetle Bessie in forty years. Do you 'member her? Your leetle sister Bessie that we buried under the laylocks?"

Father kind of choked up. "That's a long time to remember," he said gravely.

"Do it seem so? It's just like yes'day to me, just like yes'day. I can see her in her leetle pink calico gown—she wanted it pink, but it warn't no pinker than her cheeks. Why, it can't be possible that she's been lying in the dust nigh on to forty years, an' I see her last night as plain as I see you, pink gown an' all. But she didn't speak to her old pap. Silas, ain't it curus that when we dream of dead folks they never speak to us?"

"I reckon their speech ain't for mortal ears to hear," answered father.

"They say it means sickness and trouble to dream of leetle children," said grandfather after a spell of silence. "I do hope there ain't none of you coming down sick."

He looked so anxious that father hastened to assure him that we were all well, and that dreams were only dreams after all, but the old man shook his head and looked disturbed.

Dreams do have a meaning. We realized it when a week later we stood around grandfather's bed.

Just before he closed his eyes for his last sleep they flashed out a bright intelligence.

"Bessie," he whispered, "pappy's coming."

We knew then what the dream meant.

## PRATTLE OF THE CHILDREN

A Jewish Lullaby....Eugene Field....Chicago News

My harp is on the willow tree,  
Else would I sing, O love, to thee,  
A song of long ago—  
Perchance the song that Miriam sung  
Ere yet Judea's heart was wrung  
By centuries of woe.

The shadow of these centuries lies  
Deep in thy dark and mournful eyes—  
But hush, and close them now,  
And in the dreams that thou shalt dream  
The light of other days shall seem  
To glorify thy brow!

I ate my crust in tears to-day  
As scourged I went upon my way,  
And yet my darling smiled—  
Ay, beating at my breast, he laughed—  
My anguish curdled not the draught—  
'Twas sweet with love, my child!

Our harp is on the willow tree—  
I have no song to sing to thee  
As shadows round us roll;  
But hush and sleep, and thou shalt hear  
Jehovah's voice that speaks to cheer  
Judea's fainting soul.

Baby's Clothes....Margaret Stewart Sibley....Harper's Bazar

Softest linen and snowiest lawn,  
With fairy fluting of lace;  
'Broidery fine as the pencilled fern  
By finger of frost-king traced.  
Singing, she sews the tiniest seam,  
While the garments grow apace.  
Ah, the sweetest work a mother knows  
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

Her thoughts reach out across the years,  
Losing herself in a dream;  
A hope is set with the stitches fine  
Of every delicate seam.



An airy castle with turrets high  
Stands in a golden gleam.  
Ah, the dearest work a mother knows  
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

"Garments fit for a king!" she saith;  
"My baby shall be a king!  
Wise men will listen unto his words,  
And the children offerings bring.  
He shall be manly, true, and brave;  
His deeds will the poets sing."  
Ah, the proudest work a mother knows  
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

Folding away the garments white—  
The baby needs no more care—  
A toy, a tiny pair of shoes,  
And a lock of sunny hair.  
Yellow with age each fragrant fold  
Shall precious memories bear.  
Ah, the saddest work a mother knows  
Is folding away the baby's clothes.

Those were worn by that stalwart man,  
It seems only yesterday;  
But these once held the little form  
Of the baby "passed away."  
Now in sunshine and now in storm  
Life's river flows on for aye,  
But the tenderest thought a mother knows  
Is folded away with the baby's clothes.

*The Small Boy's Elysium.....From the Indianapolis Journal*

"My little man, come tell to me,  
If you could by some magic be  
To the unknown fairyland transplanted,  
Where boys may have their wishes granted,  
What would your wishes be?"  
"I'd wish——" he sidewise cocked his head,  
Pondered, and paused, and then he said:  
"I'd wish I had two brothers—  
One great big one and one I could lick;  
That nothin' never'd make me sick,  
And eight or nine grandmothers."

## UNUSUAL, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Death among the Esquimaux....Elie Reclus....Primitive Folk

The existence of societies, like that of individuals, depends upon the food at their disposal; as the quantity augments, the population increases. But if the nourishment becomes insufficient, it becomes also an absolute necessity to get rid of the unserviceable mouths, the social non-utilities. The lifetime of those who have the least life before them is cut short; the right to live is possibility of living. Under these conditions, the murder of children finds a melancholy counterpart in the murder of the aged; the latter are deserted, the former exposed. Such is the law against which these wretched societies strive as they can. When it is necessary to choose, some sacrifice the children, and even the women, to save the aged. Among others, all the old are sacrificed before a hand is raised against one flaxen poll. Most often the grandparents claim to be immolated in place of the little ones as a right or as a favor. It is a matter of course that the sick should generally share the fate of the aged, since they too live upon the masses who have but short rations to dispose of. As long as hope remains the invalid is treated with assiduous attention. The women chant their Aya, Aya in chorus, for they know the power of incantations. A stone weighing three or four pounds, according to the gravity of the sickness, is placed by a matron under the pillow. Every morning she weighs it, pronouncing meanwhile words of mystery. Thus she informs herself of the state of the patient and his chances of recovery. If the stone grows constantly heavier, it is because the sick man cannot escape, and his days are numbered. Then his companions construct, some way off, a hut of blocks of snow; there they spread skin-rugs and furs, and bring a pitcher of water and a lamp to flicker for a while. And he who is consumed with suffering, crushed beneath the burden of age or growing infirmities, he with whom intercourse has become a difficulty, he who reproaches himself that he costs the community more than he can repay, lays himself down; brothers and sisters, wives, as many as he possesses, sons and daughters, relatives and friends, come to say farewell, to converse with him whom they shall see no more. They remain no longer than is necessary, for should death overtake

the sick man, the visitors must hastily strip off their garments and throw them away, a serious loss. No ostensible emotion, no cries, tears, sobs; they converse quietly and reasonably. He who is about to depart enjoins his requests, expresses his last desires. When he has said all, the friends withdraw one by one, and the last stops the entrance with a block of ice. From that moment the man is dead to the community. Life is but the total of social relations, a series of actions and reactions called pleasures and pains, differing from one another less than we imagine. Death, all said and done, is an individual act. Animals understand it so, and if they have the rare chance to end otherwise than by being slain or devoured, they go, directly they feel weakness gain on them, to hide in the thickest brake, burrow in the deepest hole, or disappear in the darkest cavern. From this standpoint primitive man is still an animal; he knows that he must die alone. Nowhere is the impression more literally true than among the Esquimaux. It is permissible to see hideous and repulsive egoism in this last scene of their life; it is permissible, also, to see it in a solemn and impressive act stamped with gloomy majesty. Already the hut is but a tomb, the tomb of a living man, who may yet linger for some hours, perhaps for some days. He hears the door close, the voices die away in the distance. With bent head and hands resting upon his knees, he thinks and remembers. What he saw, what he felt in bygone days returns to his mind; he recalls his childhood, his youth, his exploits, his loves, his hunting, his adventures; step by step he retraces his life. No more hopes now, no more projects; and as for regrets, of what use are they? What is pride now? what vanity? No one to envy, no one to despise. Alone, face to face with himself, he can measure that self at its true value. "I was that so much and no more." To quit life, its weariness, its frequent famines, its vexations, its griefs—to that he could easily resign himself. But the terrible unknown, the beyond, that it is which affrights him, that world of spirits about which the Angakoots relate such fearful visions. . . . He is parched with fear; it consumes his vitals, devours his entrails. He drinks a few mouthfuls but falls back exhausted. The lamp is gone out; no night was ever more gloomy; and upon his veiled and darkened eyes dawns Death. He sees Death plainly; it shows itself upon the horizon, a black spot on the great white plain,

lighted by the pale rays of the stars. Death advances, Death draws near. It grows minute by minute, gliding noiselessly over the thick snow. He counts its steps. . . . Death is here. Already it balances in its hand the harpoon with which he has transfixed so many a bear and seal. It stands erect. It raises its hand. He waits—waits. . . . On seeing such a hut isolated, mysterious, and on learning what was passing within, strangers have been seized with horror and pity. They have broken down the wall—what have they seen? A dead man with eyes wide open upon infinity, or else a dying person murmuring in reproachful accents, "What do you do? Why do you trouble me? Was it not enough to die once?"

**A Sorcerer of the Last Century....From the London Spiritualist**

In examining the records of past times we are struck with the universality of those gifts formerly attributed to miracle, magic, or sorcery, but now recognized as the law of certain peculiarly-endowed organisms. Schrepfer was a native of Leipsic, where in after-life he kept a café. He asserted himself to be in continual intercourse with spirits, whom he could control and summon at pleasure, and he distinguished them into friendly and evil, the approach of each being heralded by particular sounds. He is said to have frequently given astonishing proofs of his power, but the most famous instance was that in which Prince Charles of Saxony, with much difficulty, prevailed upon him to present in visible form the spirit of the Chevalier de Saxe, one of the natural sons of Augustus II., King of Poland, and half-brother to the famous Marshal Count Saxe. He was uncle to Prince Charles, and having amassed enormous wealth and died without issue, it was reported that vast sums belonging to him were concealed in the palace. Curiosity, therefore, combined with avarice, prompted Prince Charles to endeavor to gain an interview with the spirit of his uncle. Schrepfer, with much repugnance—for he represented such an undertaking as dangerous to himself—was prevailed upon to make the attempt. A company, nineteen in number, assembled by night in the great gallery of Prince Charles' palace in Dresden, and all the doors and windows were carefully secured by Schrepfer's directions. Lights were extinguished, and Schrepfer, after warning the company that the event might try their nerves, retired into a corner, and after a long interval passed into a

convulsive and agitated state, when a noise was soon heard more like wet fingers drawn over the edge of glasses than anything else. Presently very frightful sounds followed, and the company being much aghast, the principal door suddenly opened with violence, and something that resembled a black ball or globe rolled into the gallery. It was invested with smoke or cloud, in the midst of which appeared a face like that of the Chevalier de Saxe, from which a loud and angry voice exclaimed in German, "Carl, was wolt du mit mich?"—"Charles, what wouldst thou with me?" The prince and company were utterly horrified and, losing all self-possession, called on heaven for help and besought Schrepfer to dismiss the apparition; but this he was unable or pretended to be unable to do, and those present declared that nearly an hour elapsed before it could be compelled to retreat. And when at length it had gone and the company were recovering, the door burst open again and the same hideous form again presented itself. The boldest were not proof against this, and a scene of utter horror and dismay ensued till Schrepfer at length contrived finally to dismiss the apparition. Of the nineteen persons who witnessed this fearful sight three afterward published some account, though none liked to make it a subject of conversation, and the horror impressed upon them was never forgotten throughout life. The story was once well known throughout Europe. Byron alludes to it at the end of the last canto of *Don Juan*. Schrepfer afterward became a celebrated medium and was surrounded by crowds of followers and inquirers, and rumors survive of astounding manifestations made through him.

**The Bogy-man....The Terror of the Children....The London Globe**

That which we are now accustomed to allude to as a Bogy has at various times been called a Bug, Bogle-boe (or Boggle-bo), Bugabow (or Bugaboo), and Bugbear, the latter, according to Skeat, having sometimes signified a bogy in the form of a bear. The word seems to be derived from an ancient monosyllable meaning "a spectre," and in the case of the lengthened form "bugaboo" a Gaelic interjection, used to frighten children, has, it is said, been tacked on to it. This clashes with the theory of the learned Warton, who tells us that the "bo" or "boo" is derived from Boh, the name of one of Odin's sons. He further informs us that Dutch

mothers used to employ the name to frighten their refractory children. "Few," says Brand, "will question the probability of an opinion that has the sanction of the very ingenious person who has advanced this;" but as Professor Skeat is among the few, it is probable that the very ingenious person was wrong. Shakespeare uses the word "bug" in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where Petruchio exclaims, "Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs." It may be mentioned in passing that the word originally meant merely something terrible, and its entomological signification is due entirely to the particularization of a general word. Hence it was rightly used by Mathews in his celebrated translation of Psalm xci., v. 5, for what is now written "terror." The reader will find several somewhat amusing references under this head in Johnson's Dictionary. With regard to "Boggle-bo," Coles, in his Latin dictionary of 1678, says that it means "an ugly wide-mouthed picture, carried about with May-games." Bugaboo is said to be a corruption of the same word. Whatever may be the etymology and precise meaning of the various words analogous to boggy, one thing is quite certain, that wherever mothers have nursed their children, there also bogies have been stated to exist. The human race early discovered the convenience of frightening their offspring into good behavior. Even nowadays we have scarcely shaken off this degrading and barbarous custom. It is to be feared that there are still many inefficient nurses and dunder-headed nursery-maids who continue to control the children intrusted to their care by appeals to the grim or the supernatural, and who perhaps thus sow the seeds of life-long nervousness and superstition. They belong to the same class as those who in their lighter moments lay the foundations of heart disease by jumping out from dark corners to "amuse" their little victims. The child laughs to show he is not afraid, and the nursery-maid laughs because the child so obviously is afraid. But to return to bogies. It is said that Jewish mothers sometimes frighten their children with the name of Lilith. According to the Talmudists, Lilith was the wife of Adam before he married Eve. She refused to obey her husband, and left Paradise for the region of air. The legend is that her spectre is still to be seen at night, and that she is especially the enemy of young children. The *Cyclopædia Metropolitana* boldly declares that our word "Lullaby" is derived from "Lilith,



abi!" (Lilith, avault!). But the inexorable Professor Skeat, who destroys all the charming old unreasonable and picturesque derivations, will have nothing to say to this, and gives an explanation too prosaic to be recorded here. Lilith was so bad that it was not unfitting her name should be used to frighten little boys and girls. She is one of the few instances of a woman being utilized as a bogey. But among men, some of the best and bravest, as well as the most cruel, have had their names converted to this unholy purpose. Narses, for instance, was a general who was firm without being unduly severe, and whose personal character was beyond reproach in an age when his associates and subordinates were both cowardly and corrupt. Yet Gibbon tells us that "Narses was the formidable sound with which the Assyrian mothers were accustomed to terrify their infants." The same writer tells us, speaking of Richard, Cœur de Lion: "The memory of this lion-hearted prince, at the distance of sixty years, was celebrated in proverbial sayings by the grandsons of the Turks and Saracens against whom he had fought; his tremendous name was employed by the Syrian mothers to silence their infants; and if a horse suddenly started from the way, his rider was wont to exclaim, 'Dost thou think King Richard is in that bush?'" Still another name used for a similar purpose is mentioned by Gibbon, who says, with reference to Huniades, titular King of Hungary in the middle of the fifteenth century: "By the Turks, who employed his name to frighten their perverse children, he was corruptly denominated 'Jancus Lain, or the wicked.'" The intelligence, or want of intelligence, of English nurses has been productive of innumerable bogies. To say nothing of our ancient Raw Head and Bloody Bones (which occurs in *Hudibras*), we may gather from the following extract from Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft* the names of a few of the bogies used to torment little children within the Elizabethan age: "In our childhood," says Scot, "our mothers' maids have so terrified us with an ugly devil having horns on his head, fire in his mouth, and a tail at his back; eyes like a basin, fangs like a dog, claws like a bear, a skin like a negro, and voice roaring like a lion, whereby we start and are afraid when we hear one cry, Boh! and they have so frayed us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylvans, Kitt-with-the-candlestick, tritons, cen-

taurs, dwarfs, giants, imps, calcars, conjurers, nymphs, changelings, incubus, Robin Goodfellow, the spoorn, the man-in-the-oak, the hellwain, the fire-drake, the puckle, Tom Thumb, Hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, Boneless, and such other bugbears, that we are afraid of our own shadows." Sir Walter Scott, who quotes this passage in his *Demonology and Witchcraft*, explains some of these strange terms, but leaves it to a "better demonologist than himself" to treat them more fully. In *Hudibras*, besides Raw Head and Bloody Bones, another boggy is mentioned as being in common use—namely, Lunsford. This was Colonel Lunsford, or Lunsfort, the governor of the Tower, and a man noted for his sobriety, industry, and courage. But Lilburn and others of the same party gloried in maligning him in every possible way. Among other scandalous charges, they led the ignorant populace to believe that he ate children. The Loyalists affected to laugh at this accusation, and in the *Collection of Loyal Songs* it is alluded to thus:

From Fielding and from Vavasour,  
Both ill-affected men;  
From Lunsford eke deliver us,  
That eateth up children.

So also Cleveland:

The post that came from Banbury  
Riding in a blue rocket,  
He swore he saw, when Lunsford fell,  
A child's arm in his pocket.

But Lilburn was so far successful in his aim that, as has been said, Lunsford's name became odious and was added to the long list of nursery bogies. According to Banks' *Earl of Essex* (a play ridiculed by Fielding in his *Tom Thumb the Great*), that noble lord was also used as a boggy during his own lifetime:

It was enough to say, here's Essex come,  
And nurses stilled their children with the fright.

Fielding substituted the name of Tom Thumb, though, as we have seen, Reginald Scot especially mentions Tom Thumb among the bogies of childhood—a fact which takes the edge off the intended satire. Coming down to later times, it is hardly necessary to remind many who must still remember the fact well, that Napoleon, or rather "Boney" as he was called in the nursery, has done yeoman's service as a boggy in

England. "Boneyparty" is in itself a name with a good palpable English meaning attached to it, which can be understood of the people. It seems to have a natural affinity to Raw Head and Bloody Bones, Boneless, and such other bugbears. Whether the Duke of Wellington has performed a like service in French nurseries is doubtful. It is to be regretted that such a kind-hearted man and such a lover of children should have been made the hero of an English boggy rhyme. So it is, however; and as the lines are now probably remembered only by a few, we quote them:

Baby, baby, naughty baby,  
Hush, you squalling thing, I say;  
Hush this moment, or it may be  
Wellington will pass this way;  
And he'll beat you, beat you, beat you,  
And he'll beat you all to pap;  
And he'll eat you, eat you, eat you!  
Gobble you, gobble you—snap, snap, snap!

The Seventh Son....F. S. Bassett....The St. Louis Globe-Democrat

In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a *marcou*. In Orléans, during the present century, the following was written concerning the *marcou*: "If a man is the seventh son of his father, without any female intervening, he is a *marcou*; he has on some part of his body the mark of a fleur de lis, and, like the kings of France, he has the power of curing the king's evil. All that is necessary to effect a cure is that the *marcou* should breathe upon the part affected, or that the sufferer should touch the mark of the fleur de lis. Of all the *marcou*s of the Orléannais, he of Ormes is the best known and the most celebrated. Every year, from twenty, thirty, forty leagues around, crowds of patients come to visit him: but it is particularly in holy week that his power is most efficacious, and on the night of Good Friday, from midnight to sunrise, the cure is certain. A darker superstition concerning the seventh son exists in Portugal. It is there believed that the unfortunate being who is the seventh male in direct succession is in the power of the Prince of Darkness, by whom he is compelled, on every Saturday evening, to assume the appearance of an ass. In this guise, and accompanied by a troupe of dogs, he is compelled to race over moor and through village until the light of the Sabbath dawns, when he may resume his human form for another week."

## THE SONNET: LIGHT AND SHADE

A Vignette....John Hogben....London Spectator

High in the blue the swallows swim like moths;  
 Bronzed brambles lean o'er chalky cliffs; below,  
 The stream beneath the mill-wheel whirls and froths,  
 Then wounded, writhes along the meadow, slow.  
 White roads with flinty margins rise and fall;  
 Red houses look from out their orchards green;  
 The garrulous magpies to each other call,  
 And, scant of grass, the tethered oxen glean.  
 A silvery sound of horse-bells shakes the air,  
 Now calm with coming night. The acacias stand  
 Etched on the orange sky, where shadows rare  
 Guard, as mute sentinels, the enchanted land  
 Through which the sun sinks to the unseen sea,  
 Behind the wooded heights of Normandy!

One Way of Love....Eliza Calvert Hall...Representative Sonnets

I cannot measure for thee, drop by drop,  
 Thy draught of love, my hands, dear, tremble so.  
 Behold the chalice! How the bright drops glow!  
 And still I pour, although thou bidst me stop,  
 Till the rich wine mounts to the goblet's top  
 And the dry earth receives the overflow.  
 Too generous am I? Beloved, no!  
 Love that doth count its gift is a weak prop  
 Whereon to stay a weary human heart.  
 Yes, draw me closer still: perchance I may,  
 Clasped in thine arms, forget the dreaded day  
 When thou, my love, my life, my soul's best part,  
 In cold satiety will turn thee round,  
 And dash the poor cup, broken, to the ground.

For Light....Cecil Charles....New Orleans Times-Democrat

Thou, God, who knowest all my memories—  
 The dreadful days of torture and of tears,  
 The shame, the agony of those old years,  
 The supplicating sobs on bended knees,  
 The drinking of the cup whose bitter lees  
 Were poison-nauseous and like flame that sears—

Thou pitying God of all the infinite spheres,  
 Of ever-merciful and just decrees:  
 Now help me, that I know what path be right,  
 Now comfort me if right seem cruel wrong,  
 Though with bruised heart I turn to face the night,  
 Or, choosing honor, life seems long, so long!  
 Dear God, but lead me till I grow more strong,  
 Uphold me in my darkness—give me light.

**A Dream-Lady....James Newton Matthews....Indianapolis Journal**

How looked my love? Go ask the Tuscan gray  
 How, in the golden heart of Paradise,  
 Fell on his tranced soul the tender eyes  
 Of Beatrice—or ask Petrarch to say  
 How Laura's beauty on his spirit lay,  
 What time she thrilled it with such rhapsodies;  
 Or ask of Tasso in what angel guise  
 His Leonora wooed his woes away.  
 So looked my lady, but she did not speak,  
 Nor lift a hand, nor smile on me, nor sigh,  
 Nor greet my soul with any outward sign;  
 Yet by the token flowers of either cheek,  
 And by the dewy pleading of her eye,  
 I saw—I felt—I knew that she was mine.

**Night....Archibald Lampman....Scribner's Magazine**

Come with thine unveiled worlds, O truth of night,  
 Come with thy calm. Adown the shallow day,  
 Whose splendors hid the vaster world away,  
 I wandered on this little plot of light,  
 A dreamer among dreamers. Veiled or bright,  
 Whether the gold shower roofed me or the gray,  
 I strove and fretted at life's feverish play,  
 And dreamed until the dream seemed infinite.  
 But now the gateway of the all unbars;  
 The passions and the cares that beat so shrill,  
 The giants of this petty world, disband;  
 On the great threshold of the night I stand,  
 Once more a soul self-cognizant and still,  
 Among the wheeling multitude of stars.

## CONCERNING THE INNER MAN

Romans as Gourmands....Old-time Feasting....S. F. Chronicle

Some one has said somewhere that the Romans, with all their splendid civilization, bequeathed to us but two priceless and enduring legacies—their laws and their cookery. Through both we have been moulded, but subtle as has been the influence of the Roman law, it pales before the significance of the Roman cuisine in shaping modern character, in forming the modern mind through the stomach. Plagiarists and gross imitators in the field of religion, literature, and art, as the Romans undoubtedly were, they were splendid cooks. Much of their original thought found expression in the art and invention of the kitchen, and its influence is present to-day in our soups and salads, in our sausages and entrées. The authority of Apicius, the Roman epicure, has been no less potent than that of Justinian, the lawgiver. We are accustomed to conceive the Roman dinners as visions, forever departed, of gorgeous revelry and splendor, of delicate ease and refinement, enhanced by all the graces and seductions which charm the palate and the senses. Historians of the ancient world have told us so from time out of mind. When we read of the feasts of Greece, of Egypt, and particularly of Rome under the magnificent sway of Augustus and his imperial successors, the story is the same, be the scene laid in the home of a private gentleman or in the palace of a dignitary of state. There are the same beautiful mosaic pavements, the carved fountains with jets of perfumed waters, rich bronzes, statues and gleaming candelabra, all the luxurious surroundings of wealth and ease. Finely-sculptured images of ivory and silver, costly embroideries, couches quilted in rich-hued fabrics, the sweet odors of myrrh and frankincense—on every side is an artful element designed to charm the senses. Viands of fabulous value, wines of untold age, cooks without peers or successors—these are the stories of the Roman dinners. But history very often neglects to tell us that the senators of unbending dignity, the private citizens of traditional refinement, ate with their fingers and indulged in, during dinner, sufficient cleansing to constitute an ordinary bath. From under the splendid canopies there was noisome smoke no less than the strains of sweet music. The Roman dinner was of barbaric grossness.



Intermingled with its pleasures were trying discomforts. Associated with its palatable dainties were gastronomic outrages that would repel the modern epicure, disturb his temper and offend his taste. An Augustan supper was often consumed hastily; it was always a gross and fantastic enjoyment. The Romans were voluptuaries incapable of experiencing the finer delights of the table. They were gluttons, never epicures. The strongest appeal of the Roman cook was to the fancy, not to the palate. His ideas, which found expression in his cookery, were grotesque, even repulsive. He appealed to an appetite of cruel fancy, to one like that of the Roman sensualist who could not relish a lamprey unless he imagined it to have been fattened on human flesh. He appealed to ostentatious extravagance. He peppered his master's drink with powdered pearls. He paid what would be equivalent to \$5,000 of our money for a pie made from birds whose singing was supposed to imitate human voices. A dinner in the chamber of Apollo, to which Lucullus invited Cicero and Pompey, cost 75,000 sesterces, or about \$3,000. Precious stones were ingredients in many dishes. There were *salmagundis* made of the tongues of nightingales and the brains of birds of gay plumage. The goose, peacock, flamingo, and the parrot were esteemed as extremely delicious. But with all the boasted art and perfection of the Roman cuisine, the ancient masters of the world had no sugar, no butter, no bread, as we understand the words. The ancient peoples of the south as a whole were without those primary elements of food, the substantial basis upon which the fanciful superstructure of the well-ordered table is built. Butter—the greasy substance which enters so minutely into most of the delicacies which please our palate—was to the ancient Greeks and Romans a thing of curiosity rather than of service. Its use for any dietetic purpose was confined to a few old races neither under the influences of southern climate nor of occidental customs. The Israelites were almost completely ignorant of its uses. The Romans, with their taste for oil, disdained the use of butter at their tables with contempt. They knew of that kind only which was badly made. The curious character of their cooking precluded in large measure its necessity, but they went into sensual ecstasies over compounds which would nauseate a Hottentot. Poor butter with them made excellent medicinal service and none other. As

## CONCERNING THE INNER MAN

---

Romans as Gourmands....Old-time Feasting....S. F. Chronicle

Some one has said somewhere that the Romans, with all their splendid civilization, bequeathed to us but two priceless and enduring legacies—their laws and their cookery. Through both we have been moulded, but subtle as has been the influence of the Roman law, it pales before the significance of the Roman cuisine in shaping modern character, in forming the modern mind through the stomach. Plagiarists and gross imitators in the field of religion, literature, and art, as the Romans undoubtedly were, they were splendid cooks. Much of their original thought found expression in the art and invention of the kitchen, and its influence is present to-day in our soups and salads, in our sausages and entrées. The authority of Apicius, the Roman epicure, has been no less potent than that of Justinian, the lawgiver. We are accustomed to conceive the Roman dinners as visions, forever departed, of gorgeous revelry and splendor, of delicate ease and refinement, enhanced by all the graces and seductions which charm the palate and the senses. Historians of the ancient world have told us so from time out of mind. When we read of the feasts of Greece, of Egypt, and particularly of Rome under the magnificent sway of Augustus and his imperial successors, the story is the same, be the scene laid in the home of a private gentleman or in the palace of a dignitary of state. There are the same beautiful mosaic pavements, the carved fountains with jets of perfumed waters, rich bronzes, statues and gleaming candelabra, all the luxurious surroundings of wealth and ease. Finely-sculptured images of ivory and silver, costly embroideries, couches quilted in rich-hued fabrics, the sweet odors of myrrh and frankincense—on every side is an artful element designed to charm the senses. Viands of fabulous value, wines of untold age, cooks without peers or successors—these are the stories of the Roman dinners. But history very often neglects to tell us that the senators of unbending dignity, the private citizens of traditional refinement, ate with their fingers and indulged in, during dinner, sufficient cleansing to constitute an ordinary bath. From under the splendid canopies there was noisome smoke no less than the strains of sweet music. The Roman dinner was of barbaric grossness.

Intermingled with its pleasures were trying discomforts. Associated with its palatable dainties were gastronomic outrages that would repel the modern epicure, disturb his temper and offend his taste. An Augustan supper was often consumed hastily; it was always a gross and fantastic enjoyment. The Romans were voluptuaries incapable of experiencing the finer delights of the table. They were gluttons, never epicures. The strongest appeal of the Roman cook was to the fancy, not to the palate. His ideas, which found expression in his cookery, were grotesque, even repulsive. He appealed to an appetite of cruel fancy, to one like that of the Roman sensualist who could not relish a lamprey unless he imagined it to have been fattened on human flesh. He appealed to ostentatious extravagance. He peppered his master's drink with powdered pearls. He paid what would be equivalent to \$5,000 of our money for a pie made from birds whose singing was supposed to imitate human voices. A dinner in the chamber of Apollo, to which Lucullus invited Cicero and Pompey, cost 75,000 sesterces, or about \$3,000. Precious stones were ingredients in many dishes. There were *salmagundis* made of the tongues of nightingales and the brains of birds of gay plumage. The goose, peacock, flamingo, and the parrot were esteemed as extremely delicious. But with all the boasted art and perfection of the Roman cuisine, the ancient masters of the world had no sugar, no butter, no bread, as we understand the words. The ancient peoples of the south as a whole were without those primary elements of food, the substantial basis upon which the fanciful superstructure of the well-ordered table is built. Butter—the greasy substance which enters so minutely into most of the delicacies which please our palate—was to the ancient Greeks and Romans a thing of curiosity rather than of service. Its use for any dietetic purpose was confined to a few old races neither under the influences of southern climate nor of occidental customs. The Israelites were almost completely ignorant of its uses. The Romans, with their taste for oil, disdained the use of butter at their tables with contempt. They knew of that kind only which was badly made. The curious character of their cooking precluded in large measure its necessity, but they went into sensual ecstasies over compounds which would nauseate a Hottentot. Poor butter with them made excellent medicinal service and none other. As

did the Greeks, they learned of its character from the savage and uncouth tribes of the north, especially from Germany, where the rigors of climate stimulated its manufacture. In all the southern countries of the ancient world, oil served the purposes of butter. It was one of the most constantly-used elements in the kitchen—to our notions, one of the most abused. Another of our seeming necessities of life—sugar—was unknown to the ancients. Honey was its single substitute, and in most remarkable combinations and under strange conditions was it used. Upon meats, stewed, fried, boiled, and baked, it was poured. With wine, gum, and spice it made the initiatory whet to appetite at the regular meal. Its purposes and relations were evidently but poorly known, and it was most outrageously used. In describing a Pompeian supper Bulwer Lytton delicately characterizes that famous appetizer as diluted wine sparingly mixed with honey. He forgot the mucilage and spice. The Romans necessarily were ignorant of the subtler excellences of fermented grapes. Wine was their constant and best-loved drink, but it was like themselves, gross. Oysters and honey in conjunction will, under average circumstances, make a modern epicure shudder. They were esteemed a delicacy by the Romans, who increased the flavor by the introduction of pepper and vinegar. Sweet and sour in constant contact was but one of the anomalies of Roman cooking. We know of the leavened and unleavened bread of the Israelites, of the loaves of corn bread given by the Roman Senate in times of popular distress. History tells us of the senatorial regulation of quantity in those public bread distributions of old. In some measure, also, it details the character of food then given to the Roman poor. The excavations at Pompeii have laid bare to the modern world the entire interior of a Roman bakery. There in full view are its ovens, its great open fireplace, its kneading-troughs, its primitive flour mills, its bread, somewhat well done after the baking of centuries. Upon each loaf is stamped the name of the maker or the sign of the shop. We know the size of the loaves, great and small, but both in the eyes of dyspeptics would be intolerably heavy. Bread, in our sense of the term, light, wholesome, palatable, was unknown to the ancients. Coarsely-ground grains, wheat or corn, leavened by an inadequate process, were the substitutes which the poor of Rome were compelled to accept, which the rich very seldom

used. Nor for centuries after was there much improvement. Not until the reign of Elizabeth, the virgin queen, did bread assume its important position in the eyes of men. Frumenty, wheat boiled in milk, took largely the place of bread in the cuisine of the refined Romans. It was a constituent of most foods, but like all the elements of a Roman dish, suffered a transformation which completely disguised it in the final stage, when it was presented to the consideration of the imperial epicures. Then, biscuit-like wafers, sometimes broken into tiny fragments, tickled the palates of Roman gentlemen. Bulwer Lytton has given us quite an inadequate conception of a Roman dinner. He detailed its sensual pleasures, its strong appeal to refined sense, but he neglected to outline its gastronomic agonies. Pork was the passion of the Roman epicure. The spit, gridiron, fry pan, oven, boiler, and stew pan were utilized for its preparation. Imagine the delicacy of flavor of a baked pig stuffed with thrushes, beccaficos, dates, onions, snails, mallows, beets, leeks, celery, cabbage, coriander seeds, pepper, pine nuts, eggs, and garum. Down the back of the porker a great opening was made, and into it was poured a mixture of bitter rue, sweet wine, honey and oil, thickened with frumenty. That was a dish which would throw a Roman into ecstasy. He was a devotee of sauces and seasonings. He had many condiments, but garum was his favorite. He obtained it from the intestines, gills, and blood of fishes, large and small, which were stirred together with salt and exposed to the sun until fermented. Wine and spice herbs were added. It was strained and poured liberally on flesh, fish, game, and fowl. Inferior kinds were prepared for the poor. It was prized above all other sauces. No thought of its repulsive, nauseating ingredients entered the minds of fastidious epicures. It gave piquancy to barbaric messes of fifty incongruous elements, in which sweet and sour, hot and cold, saline and mucilaginous compounds entered, with alarming disregard of subsequent consequences. The Romans could relish what was offensive, but they revolted against what was tough. With pestle, mortar, and knife the Roman chef chopped, diced, and dissected infinitesimally until meats and vegetables were pounded to a delicate pulp. Haggis, as the Scotch call it, was a favorite preparation. It was boiled pig's stomach, filled with fry and brain, raw eggs and pineapple beaten into a pulp, and flavored with the never-ab-

sent garum. Assafoetida was no inconsiderable element in the flavoring of foods. There were extraordinary mixtures of oil and wine, honey, pepper, and the disgusting distillation from fish. There was frumenty in broths, stews, and hotch-potches. There was an extravagant love for unpalatable birds of fine plumage, for roasted lobsters, for sweetened oysters. A favorite pasty was a mixture of rose leaves, well beaten, brain and eggs, mingled with garum, pepper and wine, all lightly fried. There were also delicious figs, fresh herbs, anchovies, fruits, nuts, sweetmeats, tarts, and confectionery in fantastic fabric. The Romans had many elements of food which to our sense are disgusting and nauseating: they esteemed as delicacies those which we feel offend the taste to the last degree. Yet they were courteous, luxurious in judgment and desires, honorable in their relations. Not least significant in the banquet-room of the Romans were those festoons of roses which drooped over the gorgeously-frescoed ceilings. Very seldom was the spirit it symbolized violated. No guest would betray the indiscreet words spoken "under the rose."

**The Making of Beef Extract....From the Chemist and Druggist**

We may, for convenience, divide the factory into three departments: First, pressing; second, bottling; and third, finishing. To the first of these, supplies of the choicest parts of the ox are brought in the morning of every working day straight from the shambles. It is at once cut up into succulent steaks, each of which get a slight sprinkling of table salt, is then inclosed in a new muslin bag and an outer canvas bag, and with dozens more is placed between the perforated metallic plates of an hydraulic press. When the company commenced work, they were content with a press which took a charge of about one hundred steaks at a time, but they have had to meet a greater consumption than was anticipated, so that lately they have installed an exceedingly powerful press, which would do perfectly for making bales of cotton, and this is tested to give a pressure of four hundred tons. When the pile of steaks is put on the receiver, the whole is surrounded with a jacket (iced in the summer) and the pressure applied. We need not follow the process too minutely; it is so simple. The juice as it is collected is mixed with an innocuous preservative, set aside for a month to clear, and then transferred to the bottling department. Here the liquor is filled into



bottles by a siphon arrangement, so that the liquid comes into contact with as little air as possible; and the bottles when filled are transferred to a separate building, where they are corked, capsuled, labelled, and boxed. Our traveller observed that a girl examined each bottle before it was passed on to the capsuler, and any one which showed a speck of suspended matter or was in the least cloudy was set aside. It was explained that this is part of the principle of the manufacture; the liquor is the pure juice of beef, and in order that it may keep, the most rigid attention must be given to exclude foreign matter from it, and, as far as our representative could judge, the principle was adhered to throughout. And what becomes of the pressed steaks? Well, they are like cardboard when they come out of the press, and as dry as a stick.

**Ancient Food and Ancient Appetite....The Family Doctor**

We may theorize on food nowadays with much astuteness; but what theory will give us back the appetites enjoyed in the good old days of yore? Our modern cooking is more refined; all manners of high flavors excite our appetite; and yet we cannot eat as they were wont to eat. It is a melancholy fact, to think of which makes us sad at heart. Here are, for instance, a few extracts from a certain household book, or diary, written by the Earl of Surrey in 1523. On the 6th of August in that year the earl, as was his habit, dined in "his lady's chamber." This was but an ordinary dinner, consisting of two messes, at one of which all the servants partook. The guests few in number. This was the simple but substantial fare: "First course—Capons boiled, and a breast of mutton and a piece of beef, chevells, a swan and a pig, a breast of veal, roast capons, and a custard. Second course—Chickens, quails, pigeons, a pasty of venison and several tarts." But perhaps the most conclusive evidence that we can give of the good appetites prevalent in those days is the active part enacted by the ladies at table. On October 24th, we find it related in the same diary that two ladies were served for their breakfast as follows: "To my lady and my Lady Wyndham, a peyse of beyf, a gooyse, a breste of veyle rost, a capon." This is decidedly good fare, we would consider it, for breakfast only.

## THE FIGHT OF THE GLADIATORS

*Famous Chapters from Famous Books\**

A shout was ringing through the amphitheatre. It had begun in some far-off corner with a mere whispered muttering, and had been taken up by spectator after spectator, till it swelled into a wild and deafening roar.

"A patrician! a patrician!" vociferated the crowd, thirsting fiercely for fresh excitement, and palled with vulgar carnage, yearning to see the red blood flow from some scion of an illustrious house.

The tumult soon reached such a height as to compel the attention of Vitellius, who summoned Hippias to his chair, and whispered a few sentences in his ear. This somewhat calmed the excitement; and while the fencing-master's exertions cleared the arena of the dead and wounded, with whom it was encumbered, a general stir might have been observed throughout the assemblage, while each individual changed his position, and disposed himself more comfortably for sight-seeing, as is the custom of a crowd when anything of especial interest is about to take place.

Ere long Damasippus and Oarses were observed to applaud loudly; and their example being followed by thousands of imitators, the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet, the cheers, and other vociferations rose with redoubled vigor, while Julius Placidus stepped gracefully into the centre of the arena, and made his obeisance to the crowd with his usual easy and somewhat insolent bearing.

The Tribune's appearance was well calculated to excite the admiration of the spectators, no mean judges of the human form, accustomed as they were to scan and criticise it in its highest state of perfection. His graceful figure was naked and unarmed, save for a white linen tunic reaching to the knee, and although he wore rings of gold round his ankles, his feet were bare to insure the necessary speed and activity

---

\* From "The Gladiators," a tale of Rome and Judea by G. Whyte-Melville. Rand, McNally & Co. Valeria, a wealthy and proud lady of Rome, had been attracted by Esca, a brave young Briton, a Roman slave of her kinsman Licinius. He spurns her expressions of regard, so she secretly urges Placidus, a patrician, to fight Esca under a wager with Licinius. It is a fight with net and trident, Placidus to catch Esca in the net, the latter having no weapon but a sword. Mariamne is a Jewish maiden whom Esca loved.

demanding by his mode of attack. His long dark locks, carefully curled and perfumed for the occasion, and bound by a single golden fillet, floated carelessly over his neck, while his left shoulder was tastefully draped, as it were, by the folds of the dangling net, sprinkled and weighted with small leaden beads, and so disposed as to be whirled away at once without entanglement or delay upon its deadly errand. His right hand grasped the trident, a three-pronged lance, some seven feet in length, capable of inflicting a fatal wound; and the flourish with which he made it quiver round his head displayed a practiced arm and a perfect knowledge of his weapon.

To the shouts which greeted him—"Placidus! Placidus!" "Hail to the Tribune!" "Well done the Patrician Order!" and other such demonstrations of welcome—he replied by bowing repeatedly, especially directing his courtesies to that portion of the amphitheatre in which Valeria was placed.

With all his acuteness, little did the Tribune guess how hateful he was at this moment to the very woman on whose behalf he was pledged to engage in mortal strife—little did he dream how earnest were her vows for his speedy humiliation and defeat. Valeria, sitting there with the red spots burning a deeper crimson in her cheeks, and her noble features set in a mask of stone, would have asked nothing better than to have leapt down from her seat, snatched up sword and buckler, of which she well knew the use, and done battle with him, then and there to the death.

The Tribune now walked proudly round the arena, nodding familiarly to his friends, a proceeding which called forth raptures of applause from Damasippus, Oarses, and other of his clients and freedmen. He halted under the chair of Cæsar, and saluted the emperor with marked deference; then, taking up a conspicuous position in the centre, and leaning on his trident, seemed to await the arrival of his antagonist.

He was not kept long in suspense. With his eyes riveted on Valeria, he observed the fixed color of her cheeks gradually suffusing face, neck, and bosom, to leave her as pale as marble when it faded, and turning round he beheld his enemy, marshalled into the lists by Hippias and Hirpinus—the latter, who had slain his man, thus finding himself at liberty to afford counsel and countenance to his young friend. The shouts which greeted the new-comer were neither so long nor so lasting as those that did honor to the Tribune; neverthe-

less, if the interest excited by each were to be calculated by intensity rather than amount, the slave's suffrages would have far exceeded those of his adversary.

Mariamne's whole heart was in her eyes as she welcomed the glance of recognition he directed exclusively to her; and Valeria, turning from one to the other, felt a bitter pang shoot to her very marrow, as she instinctively acknowledged the existence of a rival.

Even at that moment of hideous suspense, a host of maddening feelings rushed through the Roman lady's brain. Wounded pride, slighted love, doubt, fear, vacillation and remorse, are none the more endurable for being clothed in costly raiment, and trapped out with gems and gold.

While Mariamne, in her singleness of heart, had but one great deadly fear—that he should fail—Valeria found room for a thousand anxieties and misgivings, of conflicting tendencies, and chafed under a consciousness that she could not satisfy herself what it was she most dreaded or desired.

Unprejudiced and uninterested spectators, however, had but one opinion as to the chances of the Briton's success. If anything could have added to the enthusiasm called forth by the appearance of Placidus, it was the patrician's selection of so formidable an antagonist. Esca, making his obeisance to Cæsar, in the pride of his powerful form, and the bloom of his youth and beauty, armed, moreover, with helmet, shield, and sword, which he carried with the ease of one habituated to their use, appeared as invincible a champion as could have been chosen from the whole Roman empire.

The adversaries took up their ground with exceeding caution. No advantage of sun or wind was allowed to either, and having been placed by Hippas at a distance of ten yards apart in the middle of the arena, neither moved a limb for several seconds, as they stood intently watching each other, themselves the centre on which all eyes were fixed. It was remarked that while Esca's open brow bore only a look of calm resolute attention, there was an evil smile of malice stamped, as it were, upon the Tribune's face—the one seemed an apt representation of courage and strength—the other of hatred and skill.

"He carries the front of a conqueror," whispered Licinius to his kinswoman, regarding his slave with looks of anxious approval. "Trust me, Valeria, we shall win the day. Esca

will gain his freedom; the gilded chariot and the white horses shall bring him and me to your door to-morrow morning, and that gaudy Tribune will have had a lesson, that I for one shall not be sorry to have been the means of bestowing on him."

A bright smile lighted up Valeria's face, but she looked from the speaker to a dark-haired girl in the crowd below, and the expression of her countenance grew as forbidding as the Tribune's while she replied with a careless laugh:

"I care not who wins now, Licinius, since they are both in the lists. To tell the truth, I did but fear the courage of this Titan of yours might fail him at the last moment, and the match would not be fought out after all. Hippias tells me the Tribune is the best netsman he ever trained."

Mariamne, when she saw the Briton fairly placed, front to front with his adversary, had neither strength nor courage for more. Leaning against Calchas, the poor girl hid her face in her hands and wept as if her heart would break.

What she saw, when she looked up, left no room in her loving heart for any feeling save horror and suspense.

With his eye fixed on his adversary, Esca was advancing, inch by inch, like a tiger about to spring. Covering the lower part of his face and most of his body with his buckler, and holding his short two-edged sword with bended arm and threatening point, he crouched to at least a foot lower than his natural stature, and seemed to have every muscle and sinew braced, to dash in like lightning when the opportunity offered. A false movement, he knew, would be fatal. The difficulty was to come to close quarters, as, directly he was within a certain distance, the deadly cast was sure to be made.

Placidus, on the other hand, stood perfectly motionless. His eye was unusually accurate, and he could trust his practiced arm to whirl the net abroad at the exact moment when its sweep would be irresistible. So he remained in the same collected attitude, his trident shifted into the left hand, his right foot advanced, his right arm wrapped in the gathered folds of the net which hung across his body, and covered the whole of his left side and shoulder. Once he tried a scornful gibe and smile to draw his enemy from his guard, but in vain; and though Esca, in return, made a feint with the same object, the former's attitude remained immovable, and the latter's snake-like advance continued with increasing caution and vigilance.

An inch beyond the fatal distance, Esca halted once more. For several seconds the combatants thus stood at bay, and the hundred thousand spectators crowded into that amphitheatre held their breath, and watched them like one man.

At length the Briton made a false attack, prepared to spring back immediately and foil the netsman's throw, but the wily Tribune was not to be deceived, and the only result was that, without appearing to shift his ground, he moved an arm's-length nearer his adversary. Then the Briton dashed in, and this time in fierce earnest. Foot, hand, and eye, all together, and so rapidly, that the Tribune's throw flew harmless over his assailant's head, Placidus only avoiding his deadly thrust by the cat-like activity with which he leaped aside; then, turning round, he scoured across the arena for life, gathering his net for a fresh cast as he flew.

"Coward!" hissed Valeria between her set teeth; while Mariamne breathed once more—nay, her bosom panted, and her eye sparkled with something like triumph at the approaching climax.

She was premature, however, in her satisfaction, and Valeria's disdain was also undeserved. Though apparently flying for his life, Placidus was as cool and brave at that moment as when he entered the arena. Ear and eye were alike on the watch for the slightest false movement on the part of his pursuer; and ere he half-crossed the lists, his net was gathered up, and again folded with deadly precision.

The Tribune especially prided himself on his speed of foot. It was on this quality that he chiefly depended for safety in a contest which at first sight appeared so unequal.

Faster and faster fly the combatants, to the intense delight of the crowd, who specially affect this kind of combat for the pastime it thus affords. Speedy as is the Tribune, his foe draws nearer and nearer, and now, close to where Mariamne stands with Calchas, he is within a stride of his antagonist. His arm is up to strike! when a woman's shriek rings through the amphitheatre, startling Vitellius on his throne, and the sword flies aimlessly from the Briton's grasp as he falls forward on his face, and the impetus rolls him over and over in the sand.

There is no chance for him now. He is scarcely down ere the net whirls round him, and he is fatally and helplessly entangled in its folds. Mariamne gazes stupefied on the pros-



trate form, with stony face and a fixed unmeaning stare. Valeria springs to her feet in a sudden impulse, forgetting for the moment where she is.

Placidus, striding over his fallen enemy with his trident raised, and the old sneering smile deepening and hardening on his face, observed the cause of his downfall, and inwardly congratulated himself on the lucky chance which had alone prevented their positions being reversed. The blood was streaming from a wound in Esca's foot. It will be remembered that where Manlius fell, his sword was buried under him in the sand. On removing his dead body the weapon escaped observation, and the Briton, treading in hot haste on the very spot where it lay concealed, had not only been severely lacerated, but tripped up and brought to the ground by the snare.

All this flashed through the conqueror's mind, as he stood erect, prepared to deal a blow that should close all accounts, and looked up to Valeria for the fatal sign.

Maddened with rage and jealousy; sick, bewildered, and scarcely conscious of her actions, the Roman lady was about to give it, when Licinius seized her arms and held them down by force. Then, with a numerous party of friends and clients, he made a strong demonstration in favor of mercy. The speed of foot, too, displayed by the vanquished, and the obvious cause of his discomfiture, acted favorably on the majority of the spectators. Such an array of hands turned outward and pointing to the earth met the Tribune's eye, that he could not but forbear his cruel purpose, so he gave his weapon to one of the attendants who now entered the arena, took his cloak from the hands of another, and, with a graceful bow to the spectators, turned scornfully away from his fallen foe.

Esca, expecting nothing less than immediate death, had his eyes fixed on the drooping figure of Mariamne; but the poor girl had seen nothing since his fall. Her last moment of consciousness showed her a cloud of dust, a confused mass of twine, and an ominous figure with arm raised in act to strike; then barriers and arena, and eager faces and white garments, and the whole amphitheatre, pillars, sand, and sky, reeled ere they faded into darkness; sense and sight failed her at the same moment, and she fainted helplessly in her kinsman's arms.

## HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL, GENERAL

**Taking the British Census....Extent of the Empire....London Standard**

Every householder in Great Britain and Ireland is now called upon to fill the census blanks. The plan of the work is thus given. All the slips are to be filled out on a certain day and every householder is to ascertain the condition in life of each individual who sleeps under his roof, whether he or she is married or single, and, as the latter-day Briton rather affects Christian names which afford little information on that point, a column is provided for entering the sex of the person so scheduled. The age of the residents must also be registered, and though it would be vain to expect this to be done with strict accuracy, the percentage of errors will scarcely affect the enormous totals with which the enumerators have to deal. Much other information will have to be furnished, as a glance at the census paper will show; and yet, on the whole, the Registrar-General is far less inquisitive than most of his compeers on the Continent and in our colonies. He does not, for example, ask what is the Briton's faith, or if he professes any creed. Nor are the anthropologists gratified by being accorded a column for the color of the hair and eyes, or for the entering of the height and weight, or for a statement of the consanguinity of the husband and wife, should they be blood-relations. Our census is not for scientific, but for taxable, purposes. It is intended mainly to enable the various government departments to ascertain with something like precision the materials with which they have to deal, and the chancellor of the exchequer to estimate the number of mouths that have to be fed and the number of pockets on which he may rely for the national income. Hence the census schedule is, so far as its queries are concerned, reduced to the barest particulars, though the opportunity afforded by the decennial numbering might most advantageously be the occasion of bringing to light many facts of public importance which are not to be obtained in any other way, or with anything like the same accuracy. It is the most democratic of duties. It excludes no one. The members of the royal family are entered on the same form that is required from the humblest of the queen's subjects. The hotel-keeper, the workhouse master, the ship captain, the

"deputy" of the common lodging-house, and the jailer will all alike be busily engaged in compiling this important section of the public statistics. It is not possible, of course, to number the whole empire on the same day, but most of those of our dependencies which adopt a decennial census are just now taking stock of their populations. Some of the colonies have quinquennial numberings, their rapid increase, or the shifting character of their people, rendering it advisable to note more frequently their goings and comings. India, which has a decennial census, has already completed the one for the present term. The result shows that in Hindostan there are two hundred and eighty-five millions of people under the British flag, or a million more than all Europe contained thirty years ago, and more than seven times the number of people in the United Kingdom. Indeed, considering that in 1881 the total population of Great Britain and Ireland was only thirty-five millions, and at the present moment cannot exceed forty-one millions, the thirty millions of increase which India shows in the course of the last ten years convey to the stay-at-home Englishman a suggestive notion of what it is to control so vast a hive of aliens in faith, religion, and history. Yet this enormous total by no means represents the entire population with whom the statistics of the year will have to deal. It does not include the many thousands of Britons scattered all over foreign lands, and who, unless in British ships or returned by the British consuls, will not be enumerated. Nor does it take into account the many-hued and many-tongued "Englishmen" of what has erroneously been termed Greater Britain. For there are Britons—very boastful of the name—who speak Spanish in Gibraltar, Arabic in Aden, Arabo-Phœnician in Malta, and French in Mauritius. There are Greek Britons in Cyprus, Singhalese Britons in Ceylon, Chinese Britons in Hong-Kong, Malay Britons in Borneo, Labuan, and the Straits Settlements, Indian Britons in Canada and Honduras, Maori Britons in New Zealand, Papuan Britons in New Guinea, Fiji, and Australia, Kaffir, Hottentot, and Bosjesmen Britons in South Africa, and in the West Indies, and all along and far into the interior of the Dark Continent are millions of black men who are, or will be, proud of calling themselves British subjects. The colonies have at present over nine millions of people, and the recent annexations, perhaps, have added thirty millions more,

though it is possible that very few of these woolly-headed English subjects have as yet any idea of the honor which the scramble for Africa has thrust upon them. Altogether, if we put the entire number of people under the British crown at three hundred and sixty-four millions, it will be found that we are not much over the mark. In other words, the empire extends over eleven millions of square miles, and contains more than a third of the entire population of the globe. Yet, when the first complete census was taken in 1801, the people of Great Britain and Ireland were under sixteen millions. But even this was a pleasant surprise to the country. During the eighteenth century the emigration of the rural population townward, which was the least agreeable feature of the first census, and which has been going on ever since—not only in this country but also in the United States and in most parts of the Continent—had almost depopulated many villages. Then followed the American war and the long struggle precipitated by the French Revolution, with the terrible depression in industry which came in its train. Yet it was found that since 1750, when an approximate total was made up from various returns, the population had more than doubled. Ever since that date there has been a steady growth, England and Wales alone showing an increase in 1881 of twelve millions over 1841. The only part of the kingdom which has been depopulated is Ireland. Up to 1841 its people were year after year growing more and more numerous. At that date they numbered about eight millions. In 1881, however, the census showed that the population of Ireland was only a little over five millions, and the chances are that to-morrow's numbering will exhibit a further falling off, though not quite in the same ratio as in the previous decennial periods. But neither in this rapid increase, nor scarcely less rapid decrease, do we see the slightest cause for alarm. The people of the United Kingdom—and the same may be said of the whole British Empire—are to-day more prosperous, with more to eat and drink, better roofs to cover them, better clothes to put on, and better prospects than when they were not half so numerous. Nor do we look to the future with any misgivings. It has invariably been found that the increase of population follows certain natural laws. When wages are high, the marriage rate is high. When employment is slack, the so-called "improvident workman" makes up his mind that his

income will not suffice to fill more than one mouth. Even Ireland, which is a contradiction of every economic law, had at last to obey this inevitable decree of Nature, though, unhappily, she learnt the lesson in a manner so terrible that she has not attempted again to transgress it. In other words, the surplus population of a country must find room elsewhere, and, as the life of a nation is long, it has time to correct its mistakes. The whole world has to "cut its coat according to its cloth." The Malthusians, no doubt, teach differently. But the cardinal blunder of this now almost obsolete philosophy is in ignoring the fact that a manufacturing, mining, or trading country like Great Britain is capable of supporting vastly more people than its farms can feed, because with its surplus wealth, which is not dependent on good or bad seasons, it can import from distant lands the food which its own soil is unable to produce. It is the purely agricultural countries, like India and Ireland, which are prone to famines. Their little farmers can seldom produce more than sufficient to supply their immediate wants, and hence a bad season brings them into sore straits. Moreover, looking at the question broadly, we see that the improvements in tillage and stock-rearing enable a British or American farmer to grow food enough for the wants of thirty cotton-spinners or iron-smelters, or other eaters who are neither sowers nor reapers. The world is not half inhabited, and it is not cultivated, over a large extent of its surface, to a one-hundredth part of its available fertility; while the seas, lakes, and rivers are capable of yielding an almost inexhaustible store of food. Hence, it seems to us that the prospect of an over-populated earth is very remote, and that the decennial census of 1891, while it may disillusionize some crotcheteers, and afford material for many theories, has no evil hours for the student of a broader political economy than that of the parochial register.

**What May be Patented....The Gist of Patent Laws....Washington Chronicle**

A United States patent will be granted to any person who has invented or discovered any new and useful art, machine, manufacture, or improvement thereof, not known or used by others in this country, and not patented or described in any printed publication in this or any other country, before his discovery or invention thereof, and not in public use nor on sale for more than two years prior to his application, unless

the same is proved to have been abandoned. In this connection the word "art" means the process or method of producing an old or new result. If a method of doing anything contains one or more new steps, the process is new and patentable. The word "machine" means any device or thing by means of which a mechanical result may be produced, such as a pin, a churn, or a locomotive. The word "manufacture" means a made-up article, such as furniture, clothing, harness, and the thousands of things which are offered for sale. "Composition of matter" means a chemical compound of ingredients, such as hard rubber, liquid glue, medicine, etc. Patents may also be obtained for designs for manufactures and works of art, for three, seven, and ten years. Trade-marks may be registered for any arbitrary sign or symbol which is not descriptive; the government fee is twenty-five dollars. Such marks are the exclusive property of the registrar for thirty years, and the time may be extended. A "label" is any descriptive tag, print, or impression to be placed upon any article or its case, and it may be registered for twenty-eight years. The government fee for a "label" is six dollars; but if it contains any special mark or symbol, the office decides it to be a "trade-mark" instead of a label.

**Facts About Ocean Steamships....Questions and Answers....Scribner's Mag.**

What was the name of the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic and how long did it take her?—The Savannah in 1819. Twenty-five days.

What is the largest passenger steamship in commission?—City of Paris, 10,499 tons displacement.

What is the cost of a steamship like the Majestic?—Nearly two millions of dollars.

What steamship carries the largest number of cabin passengers?—The Etruria, 550.

What has been the greatest day's run of any ocean steamship?—515 miles.

Is speed materially increased by twin screws?—No, but the vessel can turn quicker, and if one shaft breaks, the other will carry her into port.

What line has the largest transatlantic fleet of first-class passenger steamships?—North German Lloyd. Twelve vessels.

How many steamships are there engaged in the transatlantic passenger trade?—About ninety.



What is the longest steamer now in service in the world?  
—The Teutonic, 565.08 feet long.

What captain has been the longest in the transatlantic service?—Captain Brooks of the Arizona, Guion Line.

How many cabin passengers were landed in New York during 1890?—99,189.

How much coal is consumed by one of the great liners in twenty-four hours?—About 335 tons, or 466 pounds a minute.

What is the average expense of a single voyage—New York to Liverpool and return?—\$75,000.

What were the dimensions of the Great Eastern? when was she launched? and what was her horse-power?—680 feet long, 83 feet broad, 25 feet draught. Launched January 10th, 1856. Horse-power, 6,600. She had both side wheels and screw.

What is the length of a nautical knot in land measure?—6,080 feet. A land mile is 5,280 feet.

What is the distance sailed, in nautical miles, from New York to Liverpool?—New York to Sandy Hook, 16 miles; Sandy Hook to Roche's Point, Northern Track, 2,805 miles; Southern Track, 2,880 miles; from Roche's Point to Mersey Bar, 229 miles; and from the Bar to Stage Landing in Liverpool, 14 miles. Totals: North Track, 3,064 miles; South Track, 3,139 miles.

What is the distance sailed in nautical miles from Liverpool to New York?—From Liverpool Landing to Roche's Point, 243 miles; from Roche's Point to Sandy Hook Light, Northern Track, 2,780 miles; Southern Track, 2,850 miles; Sandy Hook to New York, 16 miles. Totals, North Track 3,039 miles; South Track 3,109 miles.

Between what points are records estimated?—Sandy Hook and Daunt's Rock, Queenstown Harbor, near Roche's Point.

What is the first light sighted on the British coast? the American?—Bull, Cow and Calf, South Coast of Ireland; Nantucket or Fire Island.

What is the greatest number of immigrants ever landed in New York in a year? in a day?—455,450 in 1853. Nearly 10,000, May 11th, 1887.

What was the first regular transatlantic line, and when established?—The British and American Royal Mail and Steam Packet Co., founded in 1840 by Samuel Cunard.

What are the chief landing ports on the European side?—Liverpool for the Cunard, Inman, White Star, Guion and

Anchor lines; Havre for the French; Bremen for the North German Lloyd; Antwerp for the Red Star; Rotterdam and Amsterdam for the Netherlands; Glasgow for the Anchor and State; Hamburg for the Hamburg-American; Copenhagen for the Thingvalla line of steamers.

Fortunes in Refuse....Strange Industries of Paris....Chicago Herald

Some of the queerest and most extraordinary professions in the world are to be found flourishing on the banks of the Seine. They are professions concerning the existence of which the most absolute ignorance prevails on the part of the public. Who, for instance, would imagine that there is at Paris a regular guild of trade union *mireurs d'œufs*—Anglice, “examiners of eggs”—who earn their livelihood by giving opinions in the various markets of the metropolis as to whether the eggs offered for sale are either good or bad? And although they are necessarily limited to a mere outward inspection of the egg, they never make an error or mistake a stale for a fresh one. Another odd calling that affords employment and daily bread to a number of steady men is that of professional awakener. The latter form a trade union, are duly licensed and officially recognized by the police, and perform the duties of an ambulant alarm-clock. The awakener starts out at about three o'clock in the morning on his regular round, provided with a note-book, on which are inscribed the names of his customers and the hours at which they desire to be aroused from their slumbers. His clients usually belong to the working classes and it is his special duty to make them get up, which he does by a shrill and strident whistle in front of each of their houses. He does not pass on until he becomes convinced by a responsive whistle that he has accomplished his task, for which he receives a remuneration of one cent a head per day. The Paris bourgeoisie are as a rule devotees of “the gentle craft,” and on Sundays the banks of the Seine are lined all the way from Charenton to Asineres with a dense throng of patient and intensely-interested fishermen, who spend the entire day from sunrise to sunset in watching for their float to bob under the surface of the water. Of course all the fishermen require bait, and the bait at which the finny inhabitants of the Seine most readily bite is a fine, fat maggot. Accordingly there is a special profession of maggot breeders. As in the case of the “egg examiners” and “awak-

eners," they form a particular guild, admission to which is a matter of some difficulty. For not only is the trade remunerative, since all fishermen apply to its members for bait, and are far too anxious to get to the scene of their operations to stay haggling about the price of a maggot; but, moreover, it is regarded as an exceedingly agreeable and aristocratic means of livelihood, for it involves no head work other than hanging up a few pieces of meat sufficiently gamey and high to develop insect life, and it can be carried on at home. Indeed, it is what the French call *travail de chambre*. There is also the guild of toad merchants—men who make it their duty to collect and breed toads for the purpose of selling them to the various market gardeners or florists, who constitute a very considerable portion of the suburban population of Paris. Toads find a ready and remunerative sale among the latter, who employ their services for the purpose of destroying and exterminating snails, slugs, and other kinds of obnoxious vermin. The horse-chestnut is a tree which abounds on the banks of the Seine, and accordingly a union of collectors of horse-chestnuts has been formed, the members of which devote their entire energies to gathering up all that have fallen to the ground and retailing them to the petty manufacturers of starch. Quite a large number of men and women walk the streets by day and by night hunting for old boot and shoe soles, from which they extract the nails. These, after having their heads polished, are sold to the makers of small toy animals, who use them for the eyes of the latter. Others turn up their noses at old boots and shoes and devote themselves exclusively to collecting old crusts of bread, too stale and filthy to have tempted even the most ravenous dog, but which are greatly relished by the rabbits that are raised in enormous numbers in the suburbs. Besides the duly licensed gatherers of the manure of horses, there are those who restrict their operations to that of dogs. They dispose of their exceedingly unsavory merchandise at the rate of eight cents a pound to the tanners of the Glaciere and Bievre districts, where it is used in the preparation of kid and dog-skin gloves. Dog barbers and bathers likewise form an important and close corporation at Paris, and the occasional French poodles which are taken over to the United States will give the Americans an idea of the time, skill, and labor devoted by our Gallic friends to this particular branch of the tonsorial art. In the

Rue du Chausée d'Antin there is a regular office which furnishes professional diners-out at a fixed tariff rate. It is to the manager thereof that superstitious persons apply when at the moment before dinner they require the presence of a fourteenth guest. Titled personages covered with decorations can likewise be hired there to put in an appearance at the dinners or balls of wealthy parvenues. A man has just died here who managed to amass a considerable fortune by picking up cigar and cigarette stumps in the streets and on the floors of restaurants and cafés. A most disreputable-looking individual was this old man, who, dressed in filthy rags, was wont to wander by day and night along the thoroughfares of this great metropolis for the purpose of collecting the half-chewed, half-smoked butts of cigars. No one would ever have believed it possible for this wretched specimen of humanity to leave a fortune of 300,000 francs to his heirs. And yet this is the case. It appears that he had discovered the means of earning large profits by reducing his cigar stumps and cigarettes to ashes, which he thereupon sold at the rate of five dollars a pound to a well-known chemist. The latter, after subjecting the ashes to a treatment by which they were highly perfumed, found a ready and exclusive sale for them as tooth powder. Not all gatherers of "megots," as these cigar and cigarette stumps are called, are as fortunate as the collector just named, for as a rule their earnings do not exceed fifty cents a day. Probably the most perilous of all these queer professions is that of "gold hunters" and of the "collectors of grease." Both of these are carried on either at the mouth of the sewers or inside of them. The grease collectors affect the sewers in the neighborhood of the slaughter-houses and hospitals, where they gather up all the animal and human wreckage, if one may be permitted to use the expression, and turn them over to the grease refiners and merchants. The gold seekers pursue their calling among the same unsavory surroundings, and hunt for gold and silver jewelry and coins which have found their way into the sewers. And with regard to these sewers it may be of interest to point out that the stretch of sewer which is shown to the public and which extends along under the Rue de Rivoli from the Châtelet to the Place de la Concorde and from thence to La Madeleine, differs in every point from the remainder of the 1,200 kilometres of sewer distance—equal to that from Paris to Berlin—

which constitute the subterranean maze of the French capital. For the benefit of sight-seers this relatively short stretch has been fitted up with electric lights, the walls are kept white-washed, and the visitors are conveyed from end to end in a trolley or kind of tram-car, the wheels of which run along smoothly on grooves or rails on either side of the sewer. The would-be slummers return to the surface of the earth, delighted with their trip and fondly imagining the entire system of sewers resembles that which they have inspected. This, however, is far from being the case. Thus, for instance, in the densely-inhabited district of La Villette the sewers are not more than from four to five feet high and about a yard across, while the heat and perfume of the atmosphere defy description. It is in subterranean passages such as these surrounded in the dense gloom by all that is most hideous and loathsome that these unfortunate gold seekers and grease collectors earn their precarious livelihood. It is precarious, for unless the men happen to be near a man-hole when a sudden thunder storm or heavy shower creates a freshet in the sewers, they are apt to be submerged and suffocated, if not asphyxiated, by the rising of the horrible waters to the very roof of the conduit. And among the list of queer trades may be included that of the professional mendicant of Paris, who has raised his calling to the dignity of a fine art. It is but a few days since one of the leading members of a fraternity, named Alexander Pretel, was arrested with a list in his pocket containing the names of the different persons to whom he proposed to apply for alms on that particular day. Each name was followed by some memoranda as to the methods to be employed for rendering the appeal successful. Thus to the name of Mme. Hottinger, the wife of the well-known banker, was added the remark, "Say one has a large family of motherless children," and so on. When the police completed their search of Pretel's apartments they found bonds and cash concealed there to the amount of 40,000 francs.

## TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES

*The Cavalier's Song....William Motherwell....In the Saddle*

A steed! a steed of matchlesse speed,  
 A sword of metal keene!  
 All else to noble heartes is drosse,  
 All else on earth is meane.  
 The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,  
 The rowlinge of the drum,  
 The clangor of the trumpet lowde,  
 Be soundes from heaven that come;  
 And oh, the thundering presse of knights,  
 Whenas their war-cryes swell,  
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,  
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants all,  
 And don your helmes amaine:  
 Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call  
 Us to the field againe.  
 No shrewish teares shall fill our eye  
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand—  
 Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe  
 For the fayrest of the land;  
 Let piping swaine and craven wight  
 Thus weepe and puling crye;  
 Our business is like men to fight,  
 And hero-like to die!

*The Spinning-wheel Song....John Francis Waller*

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;  
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;  
 Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,  
 Is croning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—  
 "Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."  
 "'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."  
 "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."  
 "'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."  
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,  
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel while the foot's stirring;  
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,  
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.



"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"  
" 'Tis the little birds chirping, the holly-bush under."  
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,  
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun?' "  
There's a form at the casement—the form of her true love—  
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;  
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,  
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."  
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,  
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;  
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,  
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.  
The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,  
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;  
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,  
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.  
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;  
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;  
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her  
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.  
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;  
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;  
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,  
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

Hymn to the Flowers....Horace Smith....Poems

Day-stars! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle  
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,  
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle  
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly  
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,  
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics that with storied beauty,  
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,  
What numerous emblems of instructive duty  
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,

Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column  
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,  
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,  
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,  
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander  
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,  
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
The ways of God;

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor  
"Weep without woe" and blush without a crime,  
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
Your love sublime!

'Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory  
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours!  
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory  
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist!  
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,  
What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure;  
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,  
From every source your sanction bids me treasure  
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary  
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?

Each fading calyx a memento mori,  
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!  
Upraised from seed or bulb, interred in earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection  
And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,  
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,  
My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines!

Over Against the Treasury.... Unidentified

Over against the Treasury this day  
The Master silent sits: whilst unaware  
Of that Celestial Presence still and fair,  
The people pass or pause upon their way.

And some go laden with His treasures sweet,  
And dressed in costly robes of His device  
To cover hearts of stone, and souls of ice  
Which bear no token to the Master's feet.

And some pass gayly singing, to and fro,  
And cast a careless gift before His face,  
Amongst the treasures of the holy place,  
But kneel to crave no blessing ere they go.

And some are travel-worn, their eyes are dim,  
They touch His shining vesture as they pass,  
But see not even darkly through a glass—  
How sweet might be their trembling gifts to Him.

And still the hours roll on; serene and fair  
The Master keeps His watch, but who can tell  
The thoughts that in His tender spirit swell,  
As one by one we pass Him unaware?

For this is He, who on one awful day,  
Cast down for us a price so vast and dread  
That He was left for our sakes bare and dead,  
Having given Himself our mighty debt to pay.

Oh, shall unworthy gifts once more be thrown  
Into His Treasury—by whose death we live?  
Or shall we now embrace His cross and give  
Ourselves and all we have to Him alone?

## DEAD THIS TWENTY YEARS\*

Twenty years had passed since Joey ran down the brae to play. Jess, his mother, shook her staff fondly at him. A cart rumbled by, the driver nodding on the shaft. It rounded the corner and stopped suddenly, and then a woman screamed. A handful of men carried Joey's dead body to his mother, and that was the tragedy of Jess's life.

Twenty years ago, and still Jess sat at the window, and still she heard that woman scream. Every other living being had forgotten Joey; even to Hendry he was now scarcely a name, but there were times when Jess's face quivered and her old arms went out for her dead boy.

"God's will be done," she said, "but oh, I grudged Him my bairn terrible sair. I dinna want him back noo, an' ilka day is takkin' me nearer to him, but for mony a lang year I grudged him sair, sair. He was juist five minutes gone, an' they brocht him back deid, my Joey."

On the Sabbath day Jess could not go to church, and it was then, I think, that she was with Joey most. There was often a blessed serenity on her face when we returned, that only comes to those who have risen from their knees with their prayers answered. Then she was very close to the boy who died. Long ago she could not look out from her window upon the brae, but now it was her seat in church. There on the Sabbath evenings she sometimes talked to me of Joey.

"It's been a fine day," she would say, "juist like that day. I thank the Lord for the sunshine noo, but oh, I thoct at the time I couldna look at the sun shinin' again."

"In all Thrums," she has told me, and I know it to be true, "there's no a better man than Hendry. There's them 'at's cleverer in the wys o' the world, but my man, Hendry McQumpha, never did naething in all his life 'at wasna weel intended, an' though his words is common, it's to the Lord he looks. There's Leeby 'at I couldna hae done withoot, me bein' sae silly [weak, bodily], an' Leeby's stuck by me an' gien up her life, as ye micht say, for me. Jamie——"

But then Jess sometimes broke down.

---

\* From "A Window in Thrums." By J. M. Barrie. Cassell Publishing Co. This pathetic picture is one of a series of strong character sketches of home life in the quiet little Scotch village of Thrums.

"He's so far awa," she said, after a time, "an' aye when he gangs back to London after his holidays he has a fear he'll never see me again, but he's terrified to mention it, an' I juist ken by the wy he taks haud o' me, an' comes runnin' back to tak haud o' me again, I ken fine what he's thinkin', but I daurna speak.

"Guid is no word for what Jamie has been to me, but he wasna born till after Joey died. When we got Jamie, Hendry took to whistlin' again at the loom, an' Jamie juist filled Joey's place to him. Ay, but naebody could fill Joey's place to me. It's different to a man. A bairn's no the same to him, but a fell bit o' me was buried in my laddie's grave.

"Jamie an' Joey was never nane the same nature. It was aye something in a shop Jamie wanted to be, an' he never cared muckle for his books, but Joey hankered after being a minister, young as he was, an' a minister Hendry an' me would hae done our best to mak him. Mony, mony a time after he came in frae the kirk he would stand up at this very window an' wave his hands in a reverent way, juist like the minister. His first text was to be 'Thou God seest me.'

"Ye'll wonder at me, but I've sat here in the lang fore-nichts dreamin' 'at Joey was a grown man noo, an' 'at I was puttin' on my bonnet to come to the kirk to hear him preach. Even as far back as twenty years an' mair I wasna able to gang aboot, but Joey would say to me, 'We'll get a carriage to ye, mother, so 'at ye can come and hear me preach on "Thou God seest me."' He would say to me, 'It doesna do, mother, for the minister in the pulpit to nod to ony o' the fowk, but I'll gie ye a look an' ye'll ken it's me.' Oh, Joey, I would hae gien you a look, too, an' ye would hae kent what I was thinkin'. He often said, 'Ye'll be proud o' me, will ye no', mother, when ye see me comin' sailin' along to the pulpit in my gown?' So I would hae been proud o' him, an' I was proud to hear him speakin' o't. 'The other fowk,' he said, 'will be sittin' in their seats wonderin' what my text's to be, but you'll ken, mother, an' you'll turn up to "Thou God seest me," afore I gie oot the chapter.' Ay, but that day he was confined, for all the minister prayed, I found it hard to say, 'Thou God seest me.' It's the text I like best noo, though, an' when Hendry an' Leeby is at the kirk, I turn't up often, often in the Bible. I read frae the beginnin' o' the chapter, but when I come to 'Thou God seest me,' I

stop. Na, it's no' 'at there's ony rebellion to the Lord in my heart noo, for I ken He was lookin' doon when the cart gaed ower Joey, an' He wanted to tak my laddie to Himsel. But juist when I come to 'Thou God seest me,' I let the Book lie in my lap, for aince a body's sure o' that they're sure o' all. Ay, ye'll laugh, but I think, mebbe juist because I was his mother, 'at though Joey never lived to preach in a kirk, he's preached frae 'Thou God seest me' to me. I dinna ken 'at I would ever hae been sae sure o' that if it hadna been for him, an' so I think I see 'im sailin' doon to the pulpit juist as he said he would do. I seen him gien me the look he spoke o'—ay, he looks my wy first, an' I ken it's him. Naebody sees him but me, but I see him gien me the look he promised. He's so terrible near me, an' him dead, 'at when my time comes I'll be rale willin' to go. I dinna say that to Jamie, because he all trembles; but I'm auld noo, an' I'm no nane loth to gang."

Jess's staff probably had a history before it became hers, for, as known to me, it was always old and black. It rested against her in the window, and she was so helpless without it when on her feet, that to those who saw much of her it was part of herself. The staff was very short, nearly a foot having been cut, as I think she once told me herself, from the original, of which to make a porridge thieval (or stick with which to stir porridge), and in moving Jess leant heavily on it. Had she stood erect it would not have touched the floor. This was the staff that Jess shook so joyfully at her boy the forenoon in May when he ran out to his death. When she spoke of him she took the dwarf of a staff in her hands and looked at it softly.

"It's hard to me," she would say, "to believe 'at twa-an'-twenty years hae come an' gone since the nicht Joey hod [hid] my staff. Ay, but Hendry was straucht in thae days by what he is noo, an' Jamie wasna born. Twa-an'-twenty years come the back end o' the year, an' it wasna thocht 'at I could live through the winter. 'Ye'll no last mair than anither month, Jess,' was what my sister Bell said, when she came to see me, an' yet here I am aye sittin' at my window, an' Bell's been i' the kirkyard this dozen years.

"Leeby was sixteen month younger than Joey, an' mair quiet like. Her heart was juist set on helpin' about the hoose, an' though she was but fower year auld she could



kindle the fire an' red up [clean up] the room. Leeby's been my savin' ever since she was fower year auld. Ay, but it was Joey 'at hung aboot me maist, an' he took notice 'at I wasna gaen out as I used to do. Since sune after my marriage I've needed the stick, but there was days 'at I could gang across the road an' sit on a stane. Joey kent there was something wrang when I had to gie that up, an' syne he noticed 'at I couldna even gang to the window unless Hendry kind o' carried me. Na, ye wouldna think 'at there could hae been days when Hendry did that, but he did. He was a sort o' ashamed if ony o' the neighbors saw him so affectionate like, but he was terrible taen up aboot me. His loom was doon at T'nowhead's, Bell's father's, an' often he cam awa up to see if I was ony better. He didna let on to the other weavers 'at he was comin' to see what like I was. Na, he juist said he'd forgotten a pirn, or his cruizey lamp, or onything. Ah, but he didna mak nae pretence o' no carin' for me aince he was inside the hoose. He came crawlin' to the bed no to wauken me if I was sleepin', an' mony a time I made belief 'at I was, juist to please him. It was an awfu' business on him to hae a young wife sae helpless, but he wasna the man to cast that at me. I mind o' sayin' to him one day in my bed, 'Ye made a poor bargain, Hendry, when ye took me.' But he says, 'Not one soul in Thrums'll daur say that to me but yersel, Jess. Na, na, my dawty, you're the wuman o' my choice; there's juist one wuman i' the world to me, an' that's you, my ain Jess.' Twa-an'-twenty years syne. Ay, Hendry called me fond like names, thae no every-day names. What a straucht man he was!

"The doctor had said he could do no more for me, an' Hendry was the only ane 'at didna gie me up. The bairns, of course, didna understan', an' Joey would come into the bed an' play on the top o' me. Hendry would hae ta'en him awa, but I liked to hae 'im. Ye see, we was lang married afore we had a bairn, an' though I couldna bear ony other weight on me, Joey didna hurt me, somehow. I liked to hae 'im so close to me.

"It was through that 'at he came to bury my staff. I couldna help often thinkin' o' what like the hoose would be when I was gane, an' aboot Leeby an' Joey left so young. So, when I could say it without greetin', I said to Joey 'at I was goin' far awa, an' would he be a terrible guid laddie to

his father and Leeby when I was gone? He aye juist said, 'Dinna gang, mother, dinna gang,' but one day Hendry came in frae his loom, an' says Joey, 'Father, whaur's my mother gaen to, awa frae us?' I'll never forget Hendry's face. His mooth juist opened an' shut twa or three times, an' he walked quick ben to the room. I cried oot to him to come back, but he didna come, so I sent Joey for him Joey came runnin' back to me sayin', 'Mother, mother, am awfu' fleid [frightened], for my father's greetin' sair.'

"A' thae things took a haud o' Joey, an' he ended in gien us a fleg [fright]. I was sleepin' ill at the time, an' Hendry was ben sleepin' in the room wi' Leeby, Joey bein' wi' me. Ay, weel, one nicht I woke up in the dark an' put oot my hand to 'im, an' he wasna there. I sat up wi' a terrible start, an' syne I kent by the cauld 'at the door maun be open. I cried oot quick to Hendry, but he was a soond sleeper, an' he didna hear me. Ay, I dinna ken hoo I did it, but I got ben to the room an' shook him up. I was near daft wi' fear when I saw Leeby wasna there either. Hendry couldna tak it in a' at aince, but sune he had his trousers on, an' he made me lie down on his bed. He said he wouldna move till I did it, or I wouldna hae done it. As sune as he was oot o' the hoose crying their names I sat up in my bed listenin'. Sune I heard speakin', an' in a minute Leeby comes runnin' in to me, roarin' an' greetin'. She was barefeeted, an' had juist her nightgown on, an' her teeth was chatterin'. I took her into the bed, but it was an hour afore she could tell me onything, she was in sic a state.

"Sune after Hendry came in carryin' Joey. Joey was as naked as Leeby, an' as cauld as lead, but he wasna greetin'. Instead o' that he was awfu' satisfied like. He says, though, says he, 'Ye'll no gang awa noo, mother; no, ye'll bide noo.' My bonny laddie, I didna fathom him at the time.

"It was Leeby 'at I got it frae. Ye see, Joey had never seen me gaen ony gait withoot my staff, an' he thocht if he hod it I wouldna be able to gang awa. Ay, he planned it all oot, though he was but a bairn, an' lay watchin' me in my bed till I fell asleep. Syne he creepit oot o' the bed, an' got the staff, an' gaed ben for Leeby. She was fleid, but he said it was the only wy to mak me 'at I couldna gang awa. It was juist ower there whaur thae cabbages is 'at he dug the hole an' buried the staff. Hendry dug it up next mornin'."

## PEN PICTURES: THE WORLD OVER

Ways of Life in Tripoli....David Ker....The New York Times

The low, whitish-yellow sand hills that stretch away interminably to the west, south, and east of the village of Hammet-el-Zagal virtually form part of the great Sahara Desert. Here, as on the Upper Niger, the boundary between the rich luxuriance of the cultivable land and the grim, eternal desolation of the desert is very sharply outlined. To my left, as I stand facing eastward to watch the glorious African sunrise, the whole country below me is one vast unending palm forest, so thick and close as to hide the very earth, and to show one unbroken belt of dark green stretching from east to west as far as the eye can reach. To my right, bare and dumb and lifeless as when the waters of the primeval ocean first dried off it, ere man had begun to exist upon the earth, lies outspread in all its vastness the dim and awful solitude of the everlasting desert—"the abode of emptiness," as its wild inhabitants poetically term it—which extends from the mud flats of the Nile to the waves of the Atlantic and from the palm groves of Barbary to the rice fields of the Niger. If this village is indeed named after "Hammet the Valiant," that brave Tripolitan chief whose courage freed Tripoli for a time from Turkish oppression in 1703, that national hero has little cause to feel flattered by the compliment, for a fouler place could hardly be imagined. An English traveller has described the peasant log hut of Central Russia as a place where "you can cut the smell of cabbage soup with a hatchet, and at night you can hear the bedbugs bark." If you substitute for "the smell of cabbage soup" a combined fragrance of decayed fruit, foul straw, dirty sheepskins, and unwashed human beings (supplemented by the stronger flavor of those unmentionable combustibles of which a Moorish fire on the border of the desert is always composed), this description would apply fairly enough to any ordinary house of any ordinary village in all Tripoli. Nor are these dens more agreeable to the eye than to the nose. When you come up to one of these square, blank, windowless, lifeless blocks of masonry which are here called by courtesy "houses," and see creeping out from the blackness of the one low, tunnel-like aperture that breaks its ghostly white a gaunt, brown, shrivelled face

and skeleton figure, shrouded in a trailing white mantle, the whole proceeding is so startlingly suggestive of a dead man rising from his grave (especially when you happen to see it about nightfall) as to be much more striking than agreeable. If you venture to peep into one of these living tombs, the chances are that you will have barely time to make out a shadowy figure squatting in one corner of the dim interior amid congregated sheepskins and water jars like a Darwinian Adam in the midst of an evolutionary creation, when you are greeted with a fierce yell, and a heavy earthen pot smashes itself to pieces against the wall close to your head, while the hobgoblin springs to his feet like a tiger to demolish the "infidel dog" who has dared to disturb his evening devotions. At times, however, you light upon a milder barbarian, who greets you with the traditional "Salaam aleikoum" (peace be with you), and invites you to join a subterranean lunch of Moorish coffee, Barbary dates, and thick, gray, sticky bread, which looks and tastes very much like glaziers' putty. But if you rashly set down all this as "true Oriental hospitality," and propose to avoid wounding the feelings of your host by offering him any sordid compensation, you will soon find out your mistake, for the old gentleman's Mohammedan prejudices against Christians do not extend to Christian money, and he will take good care to see the color of yours before you and he part. Let us stroll around this harbor, in which the "ships of the desert" lie at anchor (with their long necks outstretched upon the warm, dry earth in lazy enjoyment), and see what is to be seen, for it is not often nowadays that we can meet with such a spectacle. It is a curious thought that many of the wild figures around us have come hither from regions where no white man has ever set foot since the world began, and that many secrets which the ablest scientists of Europe are still striving in vain to penetrate are in the possession of these bare-limbed, ignorant savages, who do not even know their value. This big, flat-nosed, one-eyed negro from the Western Soudan, with no clothing save a nondescript garment suggestive of a coal sack with the end knocked out, and the sand of the Sahara crusted like brown sugar in his woolly hair, has seen things of which neither Nachtigall nor Schweinfurth ever dreamed, and which would considerably astonish Stanley himself. That tall, lean, hawk-eyed Tuareg, with his short brass-hilted sword slung across his

bony shoulders and the fierce, elastic vitality of the wolf or the tiger quivering in every sinew of his long, gaunt limbs, has sat amid the ruins of cities older than Homer, for one glimpse of which any archaeological professor of London or Berlin would gladly peril his life. Yonder scowling, low-browed fellow, with his coarse black hair gathered up into a kind of bush upon the crown of his otherwise shaven head, and the whitish scar of a fearful wound running slantwise across his bare, brown, sinewy chest, broke into Khartoum in the forefront of the Mahdi's motley host upon that fatal February morning four years ago, and could tell, if he chose, all that still remains to be known respecting the fate of brave "Chinese Gordon." This stately old Moor from Northern Morocco, down to whose girdle of crimson silk hangs a beard as white as the many-folded turban which overshadows his swarthy face and piercing eyes, has on the wall of his house in Fez a huge antique rusty key, which once unlocked the door of the ancient mansion in which his ancestor dwelt beneath the shadow of King Boabdil-el-Chico's throne in Grenada. And with that key were brought over to Africa in 1506, when the Moors were finally expelled from Spain, certain brown, crabbed Arabic manuscripts, which would have been of priceless value to Washington Irving when writing the history of the great Spanish crusade.

**An English Spring....The Dawning of the Year....The London Globe**

When the sting has gone out of the air, and the frosty glitter of the stars is subdued to a softer radiance, when we have turned the corner of the equinox, and know with a thrill of satisfaction that daylight has at last the upper hand of darkness; we also become aware that with the passing of each day we turn a fresh page in the primal chapter of the life of the year. The leaf-life, the blossom-life, the career of birds and insects, the hidden workings of the soil revealing themselves in green signs and symbols, have begun anew; the volume is open now, that he who runs may read. The prologue of winds is past—bitter nor'-easters screaming across the bleached and frost-bound ways, fierce "sou'-westers" trumpeting through the gray rain-gouts of February filldyke. The gist of the tale is yet to come; but all the characters and events of two hundred future days are shut up closely, mere mysterious hints and whispers, in these first few spring



days—Chapter One of the book of year. In the dim recesses of copses and woodlands, one may watch the spring unfold by little and little. The boughs are thick with bud and tassel, softly brown against the tender blue; but they forbear as yet from verdure. Only a hazy glimmer of green, a faint foreboding of the full color, lies desultorily across the mass of tree-tops; it is born of the yellow willow-blossoms and tawny hazel-catkins, slowly maturing themselves to a pale gray-green. If one climbs up the wood-bank, and dives in among brambly brakes and crimson willow-stems, there are all manner of marvels to be found there, "beautiful things made new for the delight" of birds, and bees, and wild creatures, who alone can penetrate the inner fastnesses of undergrowth. Young wood-strawberry leaves, with round white baby blossoms peering out; varnished arum leaves, thick with vivid green; bristling spears of bluebell leaves; arrowheads of fresh ivy; moschatels, and alexanders, and trails of robin-run-the-hedge; spurge laurel with light-green florets; and spikes of dog-mercury with rosy tips. The younger all these leaves and buds and twigs may be, the ruddier they are; the only exception to the rule is the night-black buds of the ash. It is utterly bewildering to stand and gaze among the hopes and promises of a vernal woodland. The solid earth seems to be visibly upheaving in verdure; a thousand germs are quickening into life before one's very eyes. The brown dead leaves are pushed aside by the impetuous impulse of upspringing shoots; every inch of ground is teeming with lovely possibilities. Yet it is so quiet, so self-restrained withal; none of the lavish luxury of delight with which the spring's whole lapful is scattered and squandered out upon us in mid-May mornings. There is something infinitely pleasurable to the mind in this hovering on the very verge of leafage, this deliberate unrolling of little frilled greennesses, this unloosing of bud-tips all a-tremble with latent life, ready to burst forth at some mystic nocturnal signal. As for the flowers, they are impatient, they have flung themselves already upon the tender mercies of the passionate spring. Here are wind-flowers, with delicate pink-stained faces, like children who have been crying; here are glossy celandine stars twinkling out in shady places; purple periwinkles, and climbing twists of ground ivy, and golden discs of coltsfoot that glow, stalkless, out of the wet clay, as though the earth had exhausted herself in push-



ing up that brilliant, sun-like-head, and the force of nature could no farther go. The pathway winds and doubles, the hazel boughs are woven above; suddenly it dips into a dark, damp hollow, and loses itself at the brink of a little stream—a mere brown thread of water, clear and tardy, pattering along and pottering about in devious ways, under the shadow of its motionless cresses and water-plantains. The ivy tendrils steal down to it, the great oak roots mesh themselves toward it; it is haunted by wagtails, dazzling in plumage of jettiest black and snowiest white; one may hear it laughing strangely with a low chuckle over pebbles and fallen bents, this dark wood-water in its secret wanderings. All up the steep slope of the further bank, and away into gray vistas as far as the eye can reach, the daffodils nod among the new-sprung grass. As nothing one's whole life long can replace the first few years of childhood, with their daily sweet surprises, their ready tears and readier laughter, their happy hopefulness of possible and impossible things, so nothing, the whole year long, can awaken the wild freshness of morning, the evanescent, indefinable, unutterable joy of these early days of spring. Not the fragrance of roses red and white, nor the hay-scent in the twilight, nor the glories of autumn orchards, can atone for the loss of, at least, three spring flowers—daffodils, violets, and primroses, with their inseparable associations of youth, and health, and light hearts in windy weather. Primroses! there are thousands, millions of them here; their wan bloom bestrews the wood-world with a light like clustered moonbeams. No abundance can deteriorate from their worth, or vulgarize their beauty; under every branch, along uncounted hedgerows, they spread forth their crumpled horns of leaves, they open out their orange-hearted buds, prodigal with "God's own plenty." They link the frost-time to the nightingale-time; let them tarry as long as they may, one feels a pang at their departure, they have not outstayed their welcome. They are a joy forever, with their delicate delicious odor, and cool soft petals that one may press lovingly against lips and eyes. Flowers and leaves are never hot nor cold, always cool; they retain just enough warmth to suggest that they are living, and for the rest they are as refreshing as a breath of wind on a harvest noonday. But at present, perhaps, the primroses are eclipsed by the gaudier daffodils. These are essentially the flowers of March,

although their blooming may be deferred until a month later. They are the offspring of wild breeze and weak sunshine; their movement is an eternal and undulating dance, akin to the sway of leaves and ripple of rain. Their vandyked hooped petticoats and yellow wings blown back, remind one of quaint pre-Raphaelite angels; they are the gracefulest, most charming of spring things; their very name brings with it a memory of March mornings, blithe and blustering. Even in this their privacy of shade, the sharp eyes of children can discover them; they are borne away by the basketful, yet the golden treasury never runs low; it is miraculously replenished day by day, like some enchanted store in a fairy tale. "Daffy-down-dill grows on a hill," says the rustic adage. "A very pretty flower wi' a very bad smell," but the last line is a libel—it would be hard to quarrel with the bitter pleasant scent of the daffodil, instinct with the feeling of spring. Last of the lovely trio, the violets lean carelessly out from their green thresholds; all around gnarled stems and mossy wood antiquities, the white petals, and the gray-blue, and the dark blue petals do obeisance each to each below the burgeoning boughs, and send little messages of exquisite odor along the bankside. High overhead in the elm-tops, rooks and magpies are repairing last year's nests, with most unnecessary volubility of cawing; the chaffinch's song rings out like a little trill of unpremeditated laughter; the thrush's brown tail-feathers jut through the ferny tapestry which hides her nest in the ivied hâzel-stump. A drowsy, dreamy cooing comes faintly from the distant glade where the wood-pigeons purr over the few sticks laid crosswise on a bough which do duty in their eyes for an efficient nest and nursery. So soothingly and incessantly that murmur sounds, one would believe it to be close at hand; one sees as in a vision the flutter of cloud-colored wings, the deep red-brown of the hen-dove's eye, as she sits huddled upon the courtesying branch, and her gray throat swells and rounds itself, while with stooped head and half-closed beak she coos forth her prophecies of maternity. But clearer and clearer than all else, in gusts and gushes of melody, a song bubbles forth out of the midmost thicket, where the woodbine stems are knotted in endless tangles under foot, and hang in thick lassoes as in some tropical forest from lichened bough and ragged bush. This is not the thrush's polished cantabile, nor the happy-go-lucky

hedge-sparrow, with his bursts of casual merriment. The plaintive ballad-fragments of the robin knows no such staves as these. It is the "ousel-cock so black of hue, with yellow tawny bill," who is the leader of the woodland orchestra, the poet-laureate of the primrose-time. The marvellous muffled tones, the inexhaustible wealth of melodic phrases, the wide range and compass of all moods, from exuberant mirth to desperate melancholy, are the blackbird's only. His carols are such as one might listen to in some fairyland forlorn; they have nothing of the earth about them. When he changes suddenly from those lucid, sotto voce utterances to a higher key, the rich notes pierce and tingle through the air, until the greenwood becomes transfused with sorrowful melody. For he is a sorrowful songster at best; he takes life very seriously, and finds but little revelry or laughter in it. The responsibility of a million buds is on him—who knows what may befall them ere their opening? Rain-streaks flash across the daffodils, the periwinkle cups are filled to the brim; away beyond the tree-tops a tall rainbow bestrides the sky, its either end set in a pot of gold, according to childish tradition. Fast and faster the light shower patters; gray films have overcast the blue; the brook is dimpled into a myriad facets, and sparkles to the splashing drops. But still the blackbird's song and the dove's cooing fill the deepened shadows of undergrowth. The rain penetrates the bare branch-network, and scarcely may one find shelter, crouched beneath the sombre boskage of holly or yew. But even the shower brings hope of blossom-wealth, and the slender bow has promise in it. The wood is pregnant with a vague prediction of midsummer days and midsummer nights to come, and all the dramatis personæ will appear in chapters far ahead.

**Corsica's Capital....The Strange Old City, Ajaccio....S. F. Chronicle**

The island of Corsica is most striking and imposing in its nature and scenery. A compact cluster of mountains, rising from the blue depths of the Mediterranean and uniting in a small space all the characteristics of mountainous regions, it may be considered as their epitome—a pocket edition of Switzerland or Norway. Only 120 miles from one slender tip to the other, and about half as wide, it contains a magnificent chain of snow-clad heights, crowning a lofty plateau that embraces nearly the whole island. Monte Rotondò is

9,053 feet high, Monte d'Oro 8,690, while Monte Cinto and others almost equal these. Indeed, some calculations have made Monte Cinto the highest. Besides those I have named, I have just counted on the map seven peaks of about 7,000 feet each. Following the general plan of the earth's arrangement, as exemplified in Italy, Norway, and our own country, the mountain chain runs nearly north and south, nearer to the western than to the eastern coast. To the west the declivity is more steep and abrupt, to the east more gentle, sloping out into alluvial plains; to the west the deep harbors and lofty promontories, to the east the more fertile and thickly-inhabited regions. Not more than one-tenth of the soil is cultivated, but there are no deserts and but a small proportion of barren heights; the mild climate and humid air have wrapped the island in a robe of luxuriant forests. These forests are the pride and glory of Corsica and are quite unequalled in Europe. Chestnut trees grow in such abundance that their fruit forms the staple food of the inhabitants, eaten roasted or boiled during the season and ground into flour for preservation, chestnut flour costing in the market only about half as much as wheat flour, and being used chiefly in the form of polenta, or porridge, though the natives boast of twenty-two different ways of cooking chestnuts. The nuts also serve as food for the horses and mules, and their cheapness and ease of production have done much to keep the native population in an indolent and degraded state, an effect similar to that of the bananas and yams of the West Indies upon the people of those countries. The finest timber trees also abound—they supply most of the French and Italian navy-yards and have been renowned from the most ancient times, beach, pine, cork, larch, and oak. One species of oak (*Quercus ilex*) which bears a small leaf like a holly, prickly at the edges, is especially valuable. The wood is very dark, and so heavy that a cubic foot of it will weigh seventy pounds; the famous oak of Great Britain only weighing fifty-five pounds to the foot. There is one species of pine that formerly grew here so luxuriantly that it was known as the tree of Corsica, and attained an enormous size, but unfortunately it is now almost extinct, in consequence of fires and careless treatment. This wonderful forest region we have not yet seen, as it exists chiefly in the interior of the island, where there are counted forty-four forests belonging to private domains and 167 belonging to

the community. Near the shore the hills are almost entirely covered with olive groves, the valleys between them being laid out in fields and gardens, but everywhere, by the shore and inland, where there is nothing else, there is "macchie." This macchie, otherwise spelt "makis" and called scrub by the English, is really more like a jungle; a thick interwoven growth of bush and tree, myrtle, arbutus, heath, oleander, scrub oak, prickly pear, and a thousand other shrubs, forming an almost impenetrable wilderness, which has played an important part in Corsican history and manners. Ajaccio lies curving along the edge of the bay of the same name, in the form of a horseshoe, the hills rising close behind it. It has but three or four good streets; sufficiently wide, but bordered with huge parallelograms of houses, all of the same pattern, like immense bricks or magnified dominoes, standing in rows, from six to nine stories high, flat-topped and dotted with small windows. Not joined in a continuous line, like the houses of New York or Philadelphia, but distinct, and about twice as long as they are wide. These houses are let out in flats, each flat being complete in itself. The effect is very singular, and it is evident that the whole town was built at one time, otherwise some variety must have been inevitable. Such, indeed, was the fact; for although the city is said by its inhabitants to have been founded by Ajax, who gave it his name, and therefore must be of a very respectable antiquity, yet it has not always stood in this spot. At first it was built upon the hill; afterward farther along the shore, and it was only in the sixteenth century that the Genoese, then masters of the country, decided that it should stand here, and built its houses in the present ponderous style, I suppose that it might never move again.

**A Market-Place in India....A Street Scene....Glasgow Weekly Mail**

The noise of the bazaar at noon can be heard for a mile. The old proverb, "It takes two to make a bargain," has no honor here; it never takes less than twenty, and all feel bound to shout, push, struggle, and gesticulate. The crowd numbers many thousands, and these jolly hill-men appear to be the most good-natured people in the world, rivalling in that respect even the Japanese. Every man carries a knife that would disembowel an elephant, but no one quarrels. Every woman is loaded with silver and gold jewelry, but no one is

ever robbed. Here, along a sunny wall, are twenty or thirty barbers busily engaged in cutting and trimming the unkempt locks of the men, mostly Thibetan traders who have tramped across the mountains, the hair lying in heaps in front of them, horribly suggestive of gregarines and other small game. Round the corner we come upon a lot of Bhootea women, with great crocks full of snow-white curds, the favorite dainty of the place, which they serve out to their customers in square vessels ingeniously twisted out of plantain-leaves. Near them are some Lepcha lads playing shuttlecock with the soles of their feet, which they turn upward in the most nimble fashion. Then we come upon some stalls for tea which is boiled up with molasses, a grewsome compound; and now we come upon an open market, jostled as we go by a huge giant, a Buddhist "lama," who, followed by an acolyte as dirty as himself, bellows aloud for alms. All over the market are traders, squatted on the ground in front of their wares, the most heterogeneous assortment of goods imaginable: goats, pigs, poultry, tea, tobacco, beads from Venice, grain of all sorts, sweetmeats, cards, the bloodiest meat I ever saw—killed at the back, as required, and brought in dripping—piles of cotton and wool goods, yaks' tails, brass Buddhas, iron-mongery, pottery, old bottles, tinned meats, tape, cotton, needles, wooden spoons, oil, umbrellas and feeding-bottles, all blend in one great labyrinth of yelling confusion.

**A New Guinea Mountain....A Fifty-Days' Climb....The New York Sun**

Mount Owen Stanley, the highest point in New Guinea, was discovered forty-four years ago, and within the last twelve years several futile attempts have been made to reach its summit. It is only sixty miles from the south coast, but eight explorers have in vain attempted to reach its top, defeated in every case either by the difficulties in the way or the refusal of timid native porters to ascend a mountain which is the object of superstitious dread. It was reserved for Sir William Macgregor, last year, to reach the goal, and he triumphed because he discovered, west of the routes of other explorers, a river, the Vanapa, rising on the slope of the mountain and along whose valley he travelled far on his way. It was a very difficult undertaking, and would not have succeeded under less determined leadership. When most of his carriers refused to go further, Macgregor told them he would



join the natives against them, and they would have to reckon with whites and blacks as enemies. When they said they were too sick to travel he cured them instantly with big doses of quinine, and when they asserted that men who had been sent back for food did not intend to return, he told them they lied and said he would go with or without food. In the latter part of the ascent he made six days' rations hold out for ten days, in spite of the ravenous appetite of Fiji Joe, who, it was discovered later, ate two of the three new specimens of birds discovered on the mountain. It took fifty days to reach the top of Owen Stanley from the coast. Hewing their way through the dense undergrowth, the party sometimes did not travel over a mile a day. Two men were kept clearing a path with large knives. The upper altitudes were more difficult than other parts of the journey, for bamboo stems an inch thick were almost as close together as wheat in a field. But in the upper regions the party emerged above the zone of clouds, in which they had wandered for days, seeing nothing save their immediate surroundings. They found this stratum of clouds to be nearly a mile thick. It was necessary now and then to make a halt while a bridge was built over an unfordable branch of the river, and a fall from one of these bridges, a felled tree, would have meant instant death, for it spanned the stream just above a lofty waterfall. Macgregor and his white comrades nearly forgot the hardships of that rugged wilderness, which in all its characteristics gradually merged from tropical into Alpine, in the surprising novelties which now and then beguiled the weary way. One day they came to a suspension bridge over 200 feet long and spanning a chasm fifty feet above the water. The cables were fifteen rattan canes knotted together at the ends and fastened to trees on either bank. The floor was four canes fastened to the cables five feet above by other rattans, and the sides were formed of five stretches of rattan. A cross-section of the bridge was nearly V-shaped. The party crossed it five at a time, and from all appearances it could have borne many more. Platform approaches were built at the ends, and altogether it was a remarkable structure to be conceived and carried out by so primitive a people. The natives of these uplands never go to the coast. They were on very friendly terms with the expedition, and sold Macgregor an abundance of food as long as he was within reach. They told him they

used the bow and spear, but he never saw a weapon in their hands, and they apparently left them behind when they visited him, fearing that their intentions would be misunderstood if they came armed. They told him their legs were too weak and their breath too short to permit them to go with him to the mountain top. He thought them physically superior to the coast natives, and less distrustful of the whites than those aborigines who had seen more of them. They urged him to go no further and tried to tempt him by a lavish supply of sugar-cane, pigs, yams, sweet potatoes, and bananas to sojourn a while in their villages. Previous explorers who attempted Mount Owen Stanley by routes further east had very different stories to tell of the natives, with whom some of them had serious trouble. As the climb went on, moss and heath succeeded to grass, stunted undergrowth to fine timber, and a temperature of about 60 degrees at noon to sweltering heat. The crest of Owen Stanley, with its six little peaks, was gained at last. Many days before the party had passed the upper limit of tropical fruits, but far up the mountain they regaled themselves with luscious strawberries. Icicles were found on the crest, and a little frog, benumbed with cold, in a pool of water. Far away was a glorious vision of the sea, but near at hand an ocean-like expanse of snow-white clouds clung to the mountain sides far below, concealing the tropical zone and looking like a picture of the arctic world, with its icy peaks and frozen snow. During the two-days' camp on top of the mountain its height was computed at 13,121 feet. It was a splendid journey, rich in collections and successful in its chief aim, to conquer the highest point in the largest island of the world. The only admissible criticism is the attempt of Sir William Macgregor to rename this fine summit Mount Victoria. The splendid range and the great summit, which is its chief attraction, were first laid down on the maps with approximate correctness by Capt. Owen Stanley in 1849, though the highest mountain was reported by Lieutenant Yule three years earlier. For forty-one years the range and the mountain have been known on the admiralty charts and maps by the name of Owen Stanley, and it is to be hoped that geographers and map-makers will decline to ratify this attempt to ignore a great explorer merely to pay an empty compliment to the Queen of England.

## IN DIALECT: CHARACTER VERSE

In De Mornin'....Lizzie York Case....Detroit Free Press

Good-by, chile! I ain't here for long,  
I'se a waitin' patient for de dawnin';  
De angels dar is a pullin' mighty strong  
And I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

When de stars fell down, I 'member it well,  
Yet I don't know de year I was born in,  
But I goes by a star dat neber has fell,  
So I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

I mind back yonder in old Tennessee  
How de speculators come without a warnin',  
But now I'se a waitin' for de Lord to come for me  
And I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

What hab I done dat de Lord let me stay  
A waitin' so long for de dawnin'?  
The earth is gettin' dark and a fadin' away,  
But I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

Dor't cry, chile! I must say good night,  
For your mammy's done had a warnin',  
To close up de shutter and put out de light,  
But I'll meet ye, honey! in de mornin'.

The Kivered Bridge....Eva Wilder McGlasson....Judge

It's still an' shady onderneaf  
The old roof's mossy spread,  
An' throo the floorin's broken planks  
Ye see the river-bed.  
An' grass an' other weedy things  
Is rooted 'long the wall;  
It won't be no time skesly till  
The kivered bridge 'll fall.

They ain't no travel on it since  
They built the railroad bridge  
From Meeks's paster-land across  
To t'other side the ridge.

But, me! whilse ary plank stays firm  
 To hold a critter's hoof  
 I'll drive my team to town beneaf  
 The kivered bridge's roof.

Fer whut was good enough fer days  
 When I was young an' spry,  
 With life a-stretchin' out before  
 An' taxes nowhar nigh,  
 Ull do fer hair that's scant an' white  
 An' eyes thet unly see  
 The back'ard hours of love, an' sech—  
 The years thet uster be.

I never strike the holler floor  
 Whar mouldy mosses bide  
 But whut bright smiles an' rosy cheeks  
 Seems flickerin' at my side.  
 We're comin' home f'om church agin,  
 Myse'f an' Sary—oh!  
 It 'pears ez real ez life, an' yit  
 'Twas fifty year ago.

But, jest fer sake o' times thet's done  
 An'—folks I uster know,  
 The kivered bridge 'll ketch my trade  
 Ez long ez I'm below.  
 It may be resky travellin' thar,  
 An' two mile out the way,  
 But mem'ry hallers things; an' then—  
 Thar ain't no toll to pay.

**My Ain Joe....William Lyle....The Norristown Herald**

The laird and ledly o' the ha'  
 Hae flunkeys at their feet;  
 They bask in silks an' satins braw,  
 And dazzle a' the street.  
 The ledly she's a stately quean  
 Her son a gallant fine;  
 But there's nae Joe like my ain Joe,  
 An' there's nae love like mine.

The laird's son lo'es a guid Scotch reel,  
An' I lo'e ane mysel';  
He vowed 'twad please him unca weel  
Gin I wad be his belle.  
Hoo ilk ane stared as han' in han'  
We cantered down the line;  
Yet there's nae Joe like my ain Joe,  
An' there's nae love like mine.

The laird made bauld a kiss to try  
Afore the gentles a'.  
There's ane before ye, laird, quoth I,  
An' he's worth ony twa.  
I ne'er kenned ony guid to come  
Frae mixing o' the wine,  
An' ne'er a Joe but my ain Joe  
Can hae a kiss o' mine.

**Mere Coyness....From the Merchant Traveler**

"G'way dah!  
Jonofan Whiffles Smif!  
Yo' heah me,  
Don yo' came aneah me,  
'Nless yo' want er biff  
On de mouf  
Knock yo' souf  
'Bout er mile!  
Don' yo' smile  
When I say  
'G'way!'  
Jonofan Whiffles Smif,  
Coz I feels  
Jes mad from head ter heels!  
No such pusson sips  
De honey from dease lips!  
Stop yo' teasin'  
And yo' squeezin';  
'G'way,  
I say!  
Ah!" Yap—Yup,  
Callup!

## SCIENCE, INVENTION, INDUSTRY

From Torch to Electricity....Domestic Lighting....Pearson's Weekly

It may be well supposed that from the earliest ages of man's history, from the time when he first built a hut to give himself shelter, the question of artificial illumination has been an important one with him. The researches of scientists have failed to bring to light satisfactory evidence of the existence of any race to whom fire was unknown. No positive proof can be adduced to show that a people has ever lived on the face of the earth who were ignorant of some method of producing fire and were not alive to the necessity of it. Sir John Lubbock concludes, on this point, that "it cannot be satisfactorily proved that there is at present, or has been within historical times, any race of man entirely ignorant of fire." Mr. Darwin supports this view, and Mr. Tyler gives it as his opinion that "there is no unquestionable account of a fireless tribe." No doubt the aboriginal man of our latitudes, when he had built himself some kind of shelter, and had made a fire with which to keep the temperature up to an agreeable point, turned his attention to some means of enlivening the long winter nights by a more steady and lasting flame than that given forth by the blaze upon his hearth. He, therefore, procured long, dry strips of wood, and, sticking them into the walls of his hut, lighted the protruding ends, and thus obtained a flame, the glare of which enabled him to pursue his work, or enjoy his amusement during the dark evenings. The smoke, however, that this sort of torch must have given forth, combined with the disagreeable smell accompanying it, and the ever-present danger of having his hut burnt about his ears, probably soon drove him to adopt some other method of turning night into day. Hence we find that early in the world's history oil, placed in some kind of open vessel, and burnt by means of a fibrous wick, came into use. Still, torches have never been altogether abandoned. They were called extensively into service in the Middle Ages, only instead of being stuck into the walls of dwelling-houses they were supported by human candlesticks—serfs, whose business it was to bear them up and carry them from place to place. Sir John Froissart alludes to this practice when, in his minute description of the mode of life



followed by the Count de Foix at Ortez, he states that when he quitted his chamber at midnight for supper, twelve servants bore each a lighted torch before him, which stood near his table, and gave a brilliant light to the apartment. When seeking for details on subjects connected with domestic comfort, we naturally turn to the records of the earliest civilized people; but, strange to say, the paintings and sculptures of ancient Egypt, which afford such valuable information on other similar points, give us no help with regard to the use of artificial light among the early inhabitants of the land of the Nile. "The paintings," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "offer no representation which can be proved to indicate a lamp, a torch, or any other kind of light." The earliest mention of lamps in Egypt is by Herodotus, who speaks of "a feast of burning lamps," which took place at Sais, and, indeed, over almost the whole of Egypt, at a certain period of the year. The lamps he describes as "small vases filled with salt and olive-oil, on which the wick floated and burnt during the whole night." So it seems that the "floating lights," which were supposed to be a fresh discovery at the beginning of the century, were in reality only a reproduction of some that were in use two thousand years or so ago. The lamps used by the Jews were of much the same kind as those described by Herodotus. With this people they formed an important feature in religious ceremonies. The "candlestick" made for use in the tabernacle by Moses was really a lamp-stand. It was made of beaten gold, and consisted of seven branches supported on a common base. Upon these branches were the lamps, which were filled with oil, containing cotton wicks. They were lighted every evening and put out in the morning. Passing on to the Romans, we find that the same kind of lamps were used by them. There does not appear to have been any improvement in the course of many ages except in the shape and fashion of the vessels that held the oil and the wick. The general principle was an open vessel with a sort of spout, along which lay the wick of cotton, rush, or pith that was to conduct the oil to the flame. Quantities of these lamps have been found among the ruins of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and other towns; they were, as a rule, made of bronze or terra-cotta, but golden, silver, marble, and even glass lamps are mentioned by various authors. The designing of those made of the more costly materials was often very

beautiful. One that has been met with often represents Mercury crouching behind the stump of a hollow tree; the light proceeds from the hollow, and the messenger of the gods is kindling the flame by blowing upon it. Domestic lamps were often suspended from the ceiling by chains in Roman houses, and to them was attached by smaller chains an instrument for snuffing, together with small pincers for raising the wick. A terrible drawback to these lamps must have been the smoke and smell that proceeded from them. Hands, faces, and clothes became coated with smuts before the lights had been burning long. This was especially the case at feasts when an extra quantity of lamps was indulged in, and the attractiveness of eatables and drinkables could hardly have been enhanced by the addition of blacks innumerable. Various plans for doing away with this nuisance were resorted to, but none appear to have been effectual. Candles gradually crept into use, but their manufacture was very imperfectly understood, and for a long time they seem to have been nothing more than rushes smeared with tallow or wax, and to have been used for merely temporary purposes, such as lighting lamps or carrying from one room to another. By the eleventh or twelfth century wax candles, sometimes of great length and thickness, were in common use in the Roman Catholic Church. As luxury and refinement increased, candles were introduced into family use instead of being reserved exclusively for the service of the church. They have remained much the same for centuries. Soon after their general adoption they were found superior to the old vegetable oil lamps in so many ways that they almost entirely superseded the latter, and up to a comparatively recent date they were more in use than any other kind of artificial light. Candles, however, have their drawbacks, the chief of which is their costliness, and a general wish to adopt lamps instead seems to have existed in the minds of our grandfathers. A great deal of mechanical ingenuity was expended to make lamps better fitted for domestic use, but up to quite the end of the last century no improvement of any importance was effected. At that time a native of Geneva, M. Argand, came forward with an invention of great merit; so valuable, indeed, that every succeeding inventor contented himself with making it a basis of improving. Between the time of M. Argand's invention and the present day, there have been innumerable schemes for improving

upon lamps. Some have been successful, but in the great majority of cases the success has only been temporary, and some fault that was not apparent at first has asserted itself. The discovery and utilization of mineral oil was a great era in the history of artificial light, but it cannot compare with the application of gas to lighting purposes. The first actual use of gas for lighting a house was in 1792, when Mr. Murdock constructed an apparatus for lighting his office and house at Redruth, in Cornwall. The strides that this most useful illuminant has made since that time are known to everybody. It was tried for street-lighting in 1807, when Pall Mall was brightened by its power, and in another ten years gas had become very general in London. The advantages of gas over lamps and candles are considerable. Its use saves a vast amount of labor that must, in their case, be employed in cleaning and attention. It is far more cleanly than either, and is not accompanied by any dripping of grease or spilling of oil. Gas-lights are easily fixed in situations where it would be difficult to place any other light. No sparks can fly about to set the house on fire; and, finally, gas is a far cheaper illuminant than either lamps or candles. Dr. Ure determined that if a certain quantity of light from tallow candles cost a shilling, an equal quantity from an Argand lamp would cost sixpence halfpenny, and from gas twopence three farthings. That latest development of domestic lighting—the electric light—is in many ways a more convenient and pleasant form of illuminant than any that have been mentioned; but at present its price puts it out of the reach of any but wealthy individuals or companies. The machinery which its use necessitates is a grave drawback to its adoption by persons whose means are limited, though no doubt before long most dwellers in large towns will have facilities for laying it on without any great outlay. The cheapness of artificial light nowadays has been an important agent in advancing the wonderful social improvements that have taken place during the present century. Seventy or eighty years ago all the great capitals of Europe were dangerous to their honest inhabitants, and unmanageable so far as police supervision was concerned, owing to the difficulty of obtaining sufficient light to illuminate the streets during the long dark winter nights. The improvement in public morals that has taken place, and the marvellous development of the resources of

every nation, would have been impossible without the discovery of some means of cheaply and effectively lighting the streets and alleys that once served as haunts for thieves and dangerous characters of all descriptions.

**The Manufacture of Mirrors....Newton Norton....Good Housekeeping**

Probably few of those who find the mirror so essential an article in the home know that its manufacture is one of the most closely-guarded secrets in the industrial world. It is asserted on high authority that simple as would seem the few processes required, even those who have worked for years on one portion of the production know nothing of the other branches. There are but few manufactories in the country; in fact, in all the great manufacturing region lying between New York and Chicago but one firm produces plate-glass mirrors. So closely is the secret of fine mirror-making kept, it is said, that many of the most valuable processes are not even covered by patent, the procuring of which would be attended with more or less publicity, even in those cases where patent might legally be claimed, and the knowledge lives close-locked in the breasts of but very few people in the whole country. The plate-glass which is used for mirrors must of course be of the choicest description, as the slightest flaw would be fatal. It is taken in the unfinished form to the factory, where it is cut, bevelled, polished, and silvered. The time required in the manufacture has been greatly shortened by the recent developments of the art of working, so that what only a few years ago required nearly a month in the accomplishment may now be completed within a single day. The bevels are cut, first by the action of sand and water followed by the emery-wheel, which is the last stage open to public inspection till the polishing, through several additional processes, has been completed. But it is in the silvering that the most delicate and important steps are taken, as the most carefully-prepared glass is valueless if the silvering be anywhere defective. Formerly the back of the glass was coated with mercury, or quicksilver, from which the name of the process was derived; but the name is now even more true, since the backs of fine mirrors are generally coated with sheets of pure silver—or it would be more proper to say that they are backed with a plate of silver. This is a great improvement in many ways, to say nothing of the economy

in the use of quicksilver. Not a few good housewives will recall how provoking it has been to find that a patch of the coating had peeled from the mirror in the "spare room," the loss not being discovered till a valued and perhaps slightly critical guest was expected as an occupant for that very room, and when there was no time, and perhaps not the means, to replace the now worthless looking-glass. This cannot happen, of course, when the backing is a solid sheet of metal. Another advantage is in the greater reflective powers of the pure silver as now prepared. Formerly a reflection of two-thirds the light received was a very flattering result, and as low as sixty per cent was satisfactory; now at least ninety-five per cent of the light is reflected from first-class glasses.

**American Artisans in Jewels and Gold....The New York Herald**

Good Americans ought to be glad to know that American artisans are at the top in splendid handicraft. Whether for art or workmanship, our leading makers stand first among equals—a head and shoulders above all but the first. Take, for example, Tiffany's establishment. Steam carries you up to the light top story, you pass a screen door and are in a world that could give Aladdin points and make the genius of the lamp go out of business in disgust with himself. First you see the desk where everything is given out. Each workman has a metal box marked with his name. Into it he puts his allotment of work—gold, gems, what not. Nothing else goes into it upon pain of dismissal. Thus in all the hundreds of them there is no chance of mislaying or confusion. At night all the boxes are stored in the big safe, along with the stock of bar gold, gold bricks, cut and uncut jewels. The gold itself does not look very precious. In the bar it is a dull reddish-yellow; in the brick it shows a surface almost black. First it goes to the rolls, where the bars are rounded, flattened, or given whatever shape is needed by passing through grooves of varying forms. Other rolls turn it into sheets of different thicknesses. Just beyond them is an ingenious arrangement of wheels and pulleys and plates for drawing out the rods to wire of any fineness. More interesting is the pile of dies, each daintily hollowed in a cube of very hard metal. Next comes a blow-pipe furnace, upon whose pumice-stone bed the gold is tempered according to use—hardened, softened, made malleable or brittle. Soldering is done there,



every nation, would have been impossible without the discovery of some means of cheaply and effectively lighting the streets and alleys that once served as haunts for thieves and dangerous characters of all descriptions.

**The Manufacture of Mirrors....Newton Norton....Good Housekeeping**

Probably few of those who find the mirror so essential an article in the home know that its manufacture is one of the most closely-guarded secrets in the industrial world. It is asserted on high authority that simple as would seem the few processes required, even those who have worked for years on one portion of the production know nothing of the other branches. There are but few manufactories in the country; in fact, in all the great manufacturing region lying between New York and Chicago but one firm produces plate-glass mirrors. So closely is the secret of fine mirror-making kept, it is said, that many of the most valuable processes are not even covered by patent, the procuring of which would be attended with more or less publicity, even in those cases where patent might legally be claimed, and the knowledge lives close-locked in the breasts of but very few people in the whole country. The plate-glass which is used for mirrors must of course be of the choicest description, as the slightest flaw would be fatal. It is taken in the unfinished form to the factory, where it is cut, bevelled, polished, and silvered. The time required in the manufacture has been greatly shortened by the recent developments of the art of working, so that what only a few years ago required nearly a month in the accomplishment may now be completed within a single day. The bevels are cut, first by the action of sand and water followed by the emery-wheel, which is the last stage open to public inspection till the polishing, through several additional processes, has been completed. But it is in the silvering that the most delicate and important steps are taken, as the most carefully-prepared glass is valueless if the silvering be anywhere defective. Formerly the back of the glass was coated with mercury, or quicksilver, from which the name of the process was derived; but the name is now even more true, since the backs of fine mirrors are generally coated with sheets of pure silver—or it would be more proper to say that they are backed with a plate of silver. This is a great improvement in many ways, to say nothing of the economy



in the use of quicksilver. Not a few good housewives will recall how provoking it has been to find that a patch of the coating had peeled from the mirror in the "spare room," the loss not being discovered till a valued and perhaps slightly critical guest was expected as an occupant for that very room, and when there was no time, and perhaps not the means, to replace the now worthless looking-glass. This cannot happen, of course, when the backing is a solid sheet of metal. Another advantage is in the greater reflective powers of the pure silver as now prepared. Formerly a reflection of two-thirds the light received was a very flattering result, and as low as sixty per cent was satisfactory; now at least ninety-five per cent of the light is reflected from first-class glasses.

**American Artisans in Jewels and Gold....The New York Herald**

Good Americans ought to be glad to know that American artisans are at the top in splendid handicraft. Whether for art or workmanship, our leading makers stand first among equals—a head and shoulders above all but the first. Take, for example, Tiffany's establishment. Steam carries you up to the light top story, you pass a screen door and are in a world that could give Aladdin points and make the genius of the lamp go out of business in disgust with himself. First you see the desk where everything is given out. Each workman has a metal box marked with his name. Into it he puts his allotment of work—gold, gems, what not. Nothing else goes into it upon pain of dismissal. Thus in all the hundreds of them there is no chance of mislaying or confusion. At night all the boxes are stored in the big safe, along with the stock of bar gold, gold bricks, cut and uncut jewels. The gold itself does not look very precious. In the bar it is a dull reddish-yellow; in the brick it shows a surface almost black. First it goes to the rolls, where the bars are rounded, flattened, or given whatever shape is needed by passing through grooves of varying forms. Other rolls turn it into sheets of different thicknesses. Just beyond them is an ingenious arrangement of wheels and pulleys and plates for drawing out the rods to wire of any fineness. More interesting is the pile of dies, each daintily hollowed in a cube of very hard metal. Next comes a blow-pipe furnace, upon whose pumice-stone bed the gold is tempered according to use—hardened, softened, made malleable or brittle. Soldering is done there,

too. Even as we look a skilled workman holds in the flame, on a nest of copper wire, a seal ring whose setting is wired to the rim. Hard solder alone is used. Indeed, hard solder and handwork are a part of religion here. To them more than anything else is due the excellent good things that go out to ornament, not deceive, the world. The furnace is fixed about waist-high, with a circular hearth all around, divided into four. Each quarter is used separately. As the ring is growing solid under the hot white flame at one side, at the other three inches of gold bar are annealing by slow cooling upon the mass of red-hot stone. Over beyond, the gem cutters sit in a row, each with a small lapstone revolving horizontally before him. The stone to be cut is set in solder, so that only space enough for one facet can touch the whirling stone. It is then made fast to a small handle and held against the swiftly-revolving surface until the cutting is accomplished. For some gems a wet grindstone suffices. Others require emery in addition. For the hardest and most precious, such as ruby or sapphire, diamond dust is necessary. Each facet requires a change of position, hence the cutting is a work of time and attention as well as most exquisite skill. Before it begins the stone is most carefully looked over for possible flaws, its weight, shape, and lustre taken into account, and the form selected that will display all to the best advantage. A pattern is then made upon paper, showing angles and facets, and to this complexion must it come at last or the workman will know the reason why. Everybody has heard the saying, "Diamond cut diamond." Nearly everybody knows that it is literally true—that each bit of frozen fire, whether "Mountain of Light" or the tiniest brilliant that bedews a flower spray, is shaped and polished by friction against a fellow. The cutters sit apart from all the rest, surrounded and separated by walls of glass. Thus they get light from all sides, but escape draught, something to be guarded against when diamond dust fetches twenty dollars the ounce. The rough diamond is looked over even more carefully than other gems. Sometimes it is dipped in oil to find out a possible flaw. If the shape is very irregular, fragments are chipped off with a chisel and light mallet. A stone of good size, with a serious defect in the middle, is sometimes cleft or sawed into two gems. Standard shapes are the rose, the table, and the brilliant. The last is incomparably

the best, and is chosen whenever the native form does not utterly forbid. Amsterdam was for a long time the centre of diamond-cutting. Now American lapidaries "beat the Dutch" "as daylight doth a lamp." Though the industry has unquestionably a foreign root, it has sprung into lusty strength quite befitting our wide continent. It is the same everywhere. The very best work brought over sea loses in contrast with the finest made on American soil from American designs. Time was when a pattern to be well thought of had to have a foreign tag. Now we export ideas as well as bullion. Each workman has his bench, with table in front, and is absolute master of it. Nobody may touch, hardly look at it, save by his leave. Walk along the line, use your eyes diligently, and you will see wonders. Note that star of loose diamonds laid, true as a die, upon a smooth iron plate. They are placed exactly in order for setting. A touch might send them all awry and make no end of mischief. At the next bench a rim of pearls lie about a big ruby, true "pigeon-blood" red, and more valuable than a diamond of the same weight. Over there skilful fingers are tracing on a flat sheet of gold outlines for one of the diamond suns that blaze on beauty's breast. Eight lines cross at exact right angles. With rule and graver he is marking out the sixteen points. When he has done the figure will be sawed out, the solid surface fairly honeycombed with holes of varying size. Into each hole is placed a diamond, so close that the gold foundation is entirely hidden. All flat pins, pendants, brooches, earrings, are made in somewhat the same fashion. Rim-set brooches are forged first, chased around the edges, then have holes drilled for the setting, with a tiny wicked-looking point that eats gold as readily as the barnacle eats wood. It is about the size of a stout embroidery needle and revolves so swiftly that it seems to be at rest. Now and again a drop of water goes on it. Otherwise it feeds on gold and is never satiated. At each step the craftsman has the pattern before his eyes. It takes rare training of eye and hand to enable him to keep his work exactly true to it. Round rods for bracelets and so on are turned in a lathe. All over the "scrap pan" you see curling filaments of gold that might pass for the hair of Titania, queen of all fairies. Rings are forged in much the same fashion as a horseshoe. The hammer and anvil are not so massive, but of a shape to sufficiently attest

the close kinship of goldsmith and blacksmith. After forging comes the file, then the setting is put in, the outer surface etched, engraved, or chased. Last of all, the stones are put in place and the points delicately clamped about them. In the interest of good taste let it be here set down that the seal ring of to-day is a very much smaller one than that of ten years back. Bloodstone and high-colored sapphires are favorite stones for it. Chasing is the handsomest as well as the most durable finish. It is also one of the sights best worth seeing in all the process. The workmen sit about a very solid table, each with his chasers, cushion, and ball before him. The cushion is not soft. Instead it is of leather filled with shot, flat at bottom, at top hollowed just to fit the iron ball, having a nut and screw to which the work is affixed. Bedding the ring in cement, it is set on top of the ball, then with the mallet and graver the workman chases the pattern upon the exposed surface. The ball lets him turn it at any angle to his tools, yet gives the steadiness necessary to make each blow tell. The work is nearly always chased up at the finish. Each setting is first a hollow round of gold, large or small at need. Holding it with pliers against a small wooden ledge, the workman files and files until the points stand in orderly array. So much filing, cutting, chasing, and so on makes gold dust in the shop more plentiful than blackberries. It is a mighty penetrating stuff, too; gets into floors, tables, benches, blouses, and old clothes. Periodically all of them are burned and the ashes religiously assayed. The sweepings likewise give up their treasure. Even the waste water is so auriferous as to be worth filtering, not to mention the dust drawn by the exhaust pipes from the polishing-wheels. "Buffs," rounds, and "wheels" are of all sizes, from a dollar to a dinner-plate. The edge is of soft bristles from a half to two inches thick. The wheels are set upon spindles running lengthwise a big bench, and revolving about fifteen hundred times a minute. Girls stand back of the wheels holding finished jewelry against them until it takes on a high finish. Some wheels are wet with rouge, others simply with water. From the finishers the articles go to the washers, who rub and scrub them in soapsuds, rinse them in clean water, and drop them into boxwood sawdust, where they are sifted out and further cleaned by passing threads up through the small, fine crevices that nothing else can reach. A bracelet can be

fitted by measure of the arm. A necklace is arranged upon a bust and weighted and balanced so as not to pull out of shape. Whatever its pattern—rope of pearls, gold chain, or lace-work of diamonds—all parts are laid out before one is set. Gold beads require only that the strands be properly proportioned and of the right length. A blind man might string them as well as another. The enameller, though, needs three eyes, two to see the colors as they are, the spare one to take the chances of what they will be. Come over to this corner where they are making orchid blossoms. Have they not truly caught and fixed the endless splendors of the flowers o' th' air? First a colored sketch was made from life, then the blossom was pulled to pieces for patterns that were shaped and modelled in fine sheet gold. Fastening them together was a nice job indeed. The soldering had to be done with the utmost care, since each blossom must go into the furnace not once, but many times. Each color or shade of it is put on separately and fixed by firing. The pigments are metallic salts ground fine, sifted, and mixed with water. They look honest enough upon the bench, but once in the furnace they are veritable chameleons—blue runs into green, brown burns to red, white becomes gray, and yellow dirty white in the most exasperating fashion. The firing must be watched each second. A degree too much or too little of heat, the slightest inequality of application, may ruin all. The furnace looks a pretty toy until you hold a hand before its glowing mouth. Then you give it room without further solicitation. Now a small metal round, with an orchid flower upon it, is slipped in with a pair of long slender tongs, held, turned, twisted, withdrawn. It took less than five minutes, but you saw a mighty change. The flower went in one-half covered with muddy blue. It has come out a glowing purple that contrasts magnificently with the yellow centre. There are three more colors to go on—a ground tint for the other leaves and the blues and stains on the throat. You cannot stay to see it through. Here, too, are galvanic baths where gold is laid on by chemical action. It helps to the infinite variety of finish and gives surfaces not otherwise attainable. Here comes in the jeweller's supreme art. He can make his gold at will red, blue, green, yellow, white or gray, rose or lemon; old or etruscan gold has the alloy dissolved out with acid. Other color processes are too intricate for the mere non-metallic mind to



comprehend. For very blue flowers iron is deeply tinted and put back of the sapphires, of which the blossom is formed. In gem-engraving, whether intaglio or relief, there has been wonderful advance in the last ten years. Coats of arms, once rendered wholly in enamel, are now accurately reproduced in semi-precious stones. Rock crystal is exquisitely carved into scent bottles, essence flasks, bonbonnières, inkstands, and so on. Presentation swords, medals, badges, trophies of all sorts you may see in all stages. In fact, there is nothing made of precious metal and precious stones but lies here in some shape. Crude minerals come in and go out work of the highest artistic excellency. There are more than ten thousand patterns here in stock, but if you want something *recherché* give your order and half a dozen brand-new designs will be made for you to choose from. Nowadays competition is so sharp that, given money to spend, you will instantly be furnished every facility for the spending. What is here written applies only to work of the highest class. Cheaper grades are made in quantity by help of machinery. The substance is there—gold, twenty carats fine maybe—but the soul is lacking. There is nothing unique or individual. There are only so many patterns, each repeated many thousand-fold. It is very excellent after its kind. It will be a good day, though, for this Republic when jewel-making is given more to men and less to machines.

**The Making of Veneers....Beauty of the New Invention....N. Y. Times**

For a long time manufacturers of veneers have been trying to secure a fancy grain from straight-grained wood. Of course, the more wavy and intricate the line of the grain is, the more valuable is the veneer. A method has at last been secured of producing fancy veneers from plain wood. To understand the new process one must first know what the old one was. It was simple enough. A log seven feet long or less and of almost any diameter above seven inches had its bark chipped off and was then steamed over night in a tank made for the purpose. In the morning it was ready to be fastened into the big lathe, and a knife blade as long as the longest log used—seven feet—was kept pressed against the wood so as to cut off a shaving or ribbon about one-thirtieth of an inch thick as the log revolved toward it. Two men rolled up the ribbon and carried it away as it was turned out. Of course



the knife had to be set parallel with the axis of the log, or the wood would not all be cut up, and so, if the grain of the wood was straight, the ribbon could not have a variegated appearance, even had the long, straight knife cut the grain at an angle. The inventor of the new process noticed that the growth of no two different years in a tree had exactly the same color and grain, even when the log was perfectly straight-grained. So if a knife were made that would strip off a ribbon that dipped in and out through the growth, of say, two years, the ribbon would have two kinds of grain. To get the ribbon the inventor made a knife with a wavy edge. The waves were a quarter of an inch high. However, this did not produce a sufficient variety in the grain of the ribbon to suit the inventor, and he added to it by giving the knife an oscillating movement in the direction of the length of the log by a cam of a half-inch stroke. Now, if the log revolved against the knife a ribbon was cut which contained waves that zigzagged up and down and exposed a grain not only variegated in color by the varying depths to which the knife had cut, but which was at the same time very wavy, if not curly, in appearance. The variegations in the color even of a plain black walnut log were remarkable and beautiful. There was one objection to this remaining, and that was that it did not lie down flat on the surface to which it was glued. This was remedied, however, by stacking up the ribbon in a hydraulic press that squeezed it with a pressure of forty tons to the square inch. It came out of that press flat. At present three kinds of knives are used in these machines. There is no telling what new forms of knives will be invented. The machine itself is but little more expensive than the old style, but a knife costs several times as much. Besides, when a knife gets dull a man has to labor over it for a month with emery-wheels to get it in order again. When the writer was looking at one of the machines in East Eighth Street the other day it was cutting a plain log. The superintendent of the works said that the product would bring \$22.50 per 1,000 square feet, against \$5 per thousand were a straight knife used. The corrugated knife, as it is called, will improve the appearance of a grain that is naturally variegated to some extent, but when the grain is found that is just right nothing is so good as the old-fashioned straight-edged blade.

## CURIOSITIES OF PROSE AND VERSE

**Mother Shipton's Prophecy....Unidentified**

The following, which is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1488 and republished with wide circulation in 1641:

"Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with woe.  
Around the world thoughts shall fly  
In the twinkling of an eye.  
Water shall yet more wonders do.  
Very strange, yet shall be true—  
The world upside down shall be,  
And gold be found at the foot of tree.  
Through hills man shall ride,  
And no horse or ass at his side.  
Under water men shall walk—  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.  
In the air men shall be seen,  
In white, in black, in green.  
Iron in the water shall float,  
As easy as a wooden boat.  
Gold shall be found, and found  
In a land that is not now known.  
Fire and water shall wonders do;  
England shall at last admit a Jew.  
The world to an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

**A Bill of Particulars....R. F. B....Curiosities of Brush and Pencil**

This is given as a true bill, made by an artist, for repairs and retouchings to a gallery of paintings of an English lord in the year 1865.

To filling up the chink in the Red Sea and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host.

To cleaning six of the Apostles and adding an entirely new Judas Iscariot.

To a pair of new hands for Daniel in the lion's den and a set of teeth for the lioness.

To an alteration in the Belief, mending the Commandments, and making a new Lord's Prayer.

To new varnishing Moses's rod.

To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard.

- To mending the pitcher of Rebecca.
- To a pair of ears for Balaam and a new tongue for the ass.
- To renewing the picture of Samson in the character of a fox hunter and substituting a whip for the firebrand.
- To a new broom and bonnet for the Witch of Endor.
- To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a boat for Noah's ark.
- To painting twenty-one new steps to Jacob's ladder.
- To mending the pillow stone.
- To adding some Scotch cattle to Pharaoh's lean kine.
- To making a new head for Holofernes.
- To cleansing Judith's hands.
- To giving a blush to the cheeks of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam.
- To painting Jezebel in the character of a huntsman taking a flying leap from the walls of Jericho.
- To planting a new city in the land of Nod.
- To painting a shoulder of mutton and a shin of beef in the mouths of two of the ravens feeding Elijah.
- To repairing Solomon's nose and making a new nail to his middle finger.
- To an exact representation of Noah in the character of a General reviewing his troops preparatory to their march, with the dove dressed as an aide de camp.
- To painting Noah dressed in an Admiral's uniform.
- To painting Samson making a present of his jaw-bone to the proprietors of the British Museum.

**What is Life.....J. Waller Henry....The Atlanta Constitution**

This centone is made of simple lines from the poets.

- Ask what is human life? The sage replies,—Cowper.
- Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies."—Young.
- To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,—Pope.
- Brief, brave and glorious, was his young career!—Byron.
- Weighing in equal scale delight and dole,—Shakespeare.
- Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul.—Pollock.
- The grandeur he derived from heaven alone—Dryden.
- Will make one people ere their race be run!—Tennyson.
- Within the sovran thoughts of his own mind—Hayden.
- Unbounded courage and compassion join'd.—Addison.
- O! Never yet, did Peace a chaplet twine—Embury.
- To decorate, in love, a nobler shrine than thine.

## LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY

*"These are the Eternal Questions"*

Possibilities of Life....Bishop S. S. Harris....Life, Death, Immortality

To most of us, and in most respects, the world and life are what our own will makes them, because they reflect ourselves. The cheerful man and the melancholy man behold the same world; yet to the one it is all beauty and gladness, the heavens are sphered in light and the mountains crowned with day; to the other all is dark and dismal, and the very heavens are hung in black. Life takes its coloring from the mind in which it is reflected. "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt" is the decree of Providence to each of us concerning nature, and life and the social world as well, with all their blessings, trials, and temptations for all these, are what we make them. There are no blessings which we may not convert into bitter evils, and there are no trials which we may not transform into salutary benedictions. Temptations, for example, to the man who is strong of will, become a discipline which gives him more strength, while to the weak they are the occasion of falling; for the power of a temptation lies, not in itself, but in the weakness of our virtue. So the business of the world absorbs, corrupts, and degrades some, while it builds up others in integrity and generosity. In precisely the same circumstances one will rise and another fall. The eternal Providence which bends over all men says to you and me and every one, "The world, and life, and death, and all that appertains to these shall be unto thee even as thou wilt!"

The Denial of Immortality....Dr. George M. Gould....The Monist.

The great majority of people in the world are neither believers nor disbelievers, but indifferentists—slowly settling toward an agnostic on committalism that is destructive of all intellectual and moral earnestness. It is my conviction that this abrogation of curiosity and examination is a most culpable and dangerous fact. If we live after death it is of tremendous importance; if we do not it is of no less vital import, and the belief, the disbelief, or the evasion is of the most constant influence, unconsciously, subtly, upon every thought and act of every day's living. Suppose now we divest ourselves of the creeps and shudders usually accompanying a

discussion of death and immortality, and fearlessly test the common dogma with a little analysis in the light of scientific research and reason. Let us suppose you are a believer: what is it you believe? You desire; what is it you desire, and how far is your desire feasible? You are convinced; but what is the truth? If possible, in what way and to what extent is a future life possible? Do you believe in or fervently desire what, with splendid bravery and abandon the old creed called "the resurrection of the body?" Terrible counter-queries arise: At what age in your life would you choose as best representing the ideal body for your resurrection? Would you prefer your body as it was when you were a child, when youthful, when mature, or when old? Moreover, it is changing every minute, this body. It is estimated that something like five million blood-corpuscles die every second of your life. Even the two or three pounds of minerals in one's bones are only a little more permanently fixed. All component parts are undergoing change every instant; they soon become grass, grain, or tree, passing again into other bodies, and so on forever. Is it the form and feature you desire to preserve and not the constituent particles? But form and feature change every day or year, and are as impossible to fix as the atoms themselves. Indeed, is not the whole matter put beyond choice by the evident fact that unless by the fiat of an extramundane deity the only moment possible to fix the bodily form in the mould of eternity would be the death-moment? And yet this were the most undesirable of all seasons, since at that hour the body is in the weakest, most useless, and most wretched condition of all the hours it has served us. We see at once that no moment or phase of development could be chosen, except perhaps the dying moment, the least desirable of all, and that the particles of one's body have served their turn in myriad other bodies each having an equally valid claim to his "property." Besides this, the absurdity of the whole is emphasized by the crushing fact that all the organic matter of the world has been used over and over for bodies and the earth has not enough hydrocarbons to fit out again with bodies a small fraction of the souls that have lived upon it. Doubtless the combined weight of all the organic bodies that have lived on the earth would be many times the total weight of the globe. It may be frankly admitted that no bodily resurrection is possible.

## NEWSPAPER VERSE: GRAVE AND GAY

A True Bostonian.....At Heaven's Gate.....The Somerville Journal

A soul from earth to heaven went,  
To whom the saint, as he drew near,  
Said: "Sir, what claim do you present  
To us to be admitted here?"

"In Boston I was born and bred,  
And in her schools was educated;  
I afterward at Harvard read,  
And was with honors graduated.

"In Trinity a pew I own,  
Where Brooks is held in such respect,  
And the society is known  
To be the cream of the select.

"In fair Nahant—a charming spot—  
I own a villa, lawns, arcades,  
And, last, a handsome burial lot  
In dead Mount Auburn's hallowed shades."

"St. Peter mused and shook his head;  
Then, as a gentle sigh he drew,  
"Go back to Boston, friend," he said—  
"Heaven isn't good enough for you."

A Twilight Fancy....Frederic E. Weatherley....Vanity Fair

In the twilight as I play, and fancies come and go,  
And dreamland falls on the old oak walls,  
From the fire-light's fitful glow,  
Side by side in the corner wide,  
Stand a little lass and lad;  
And through the gloom of my lonely room,  
Come their two little faces glad.

Side by side in their corner wide,  
I watch their every look,  
She peeps at him 'neath her hat's wide brim,  
As he leans on his little crook.



Oh, hour by hour I watch them there,  
 But they take no heed of me,  
 They make my dark room bright and fair,  
 The little He and She.

As I dream in the flickering gleam,  
 He takes her wee, sweet hand,  
 And to and fro, in a measure slow,  
 They tread a Saraband;  
 Still they dance, and still they play,  
 Till the music gives a sigh,  
 As dancing, aye, they fade away,  
 And in the shadows die.

Dimness falls on the old oak walls,  
 And loneliness on me,  
 When they are gone, my song is done,  
 And the music hushed must be.  
 Oh, how I loved to watch them there,  
 Though they took no heed of me,  
 They were only Dresden china fair,  
 The little He and She.

A Kodak Miniature....She Did the Rest....N. Y. Sun

Only a lock of auburn hair  
 Caught on the front of his vest;  
 He thoughtlessly touched the button,  
 His wife—she did the rest!

Ballade of Behavior....Cotsford Dick....The London World

Demeanor dignified, gesture slow,  
 Converse clothed in a courteous gear,  
*Place aux dames* from high and low—  
 Where are the manners of yester-year?  
 Qualities cheapened once prized so dear,  
 Nothing veiled from the world's great gaze,  
 Reverence warped by critical sneer—  
 These be *fin de siècle* ways.

Courtesy from beauty, bow from beau,  
 Love was a gallant the most austere,  
 Compliments perfectly *comme il faut*—  
 Where are the manners of yester-year?

Impudence sheathed in scant veneer,  
 Chaff of tavern and circus phrase,  
*Double entendre* for the maiden's ear—  
 These be *fin de siècle* ways.

Birth and breeding were wont to show  
 The bravest and best in this savage sphere,  
 Round lordly brows did the laurels blow —  
 Where are the manners of yester-year?  
 Swagger and swindle now domineer,  
 The pinchbeck calf is the people's praise,  
 The charlatan's cockade the mob revere—  
 These be *fin de siècle* ways.

Ploughman touches the plane of peer—  
 Where are the manners of yester-year?  
 That I'm old-fashioned, my cap I raise,  
 If these be *fin de siècle* ways!

In the Australian Bush....Sam T. Clover....The Chicago Herald  
 The soft winds float across the billowy plain,  
 The Southern Cross serenely shines on high,  
 The wanderer dreams of loved ones o'er the main  
 And hears the lonely herder's eerie cry.

Coo-ee! coo-ee! coo-ee! The rhythmic call  
 In mournful accents breaks upon his ear,  
 It ebbs and swells like waves that rise and fall  
 And vibrates on the calm, still atmosphere.

The chattering paroquets have hushed their plaint,  
 No sound is heard disturbing Nature's sleep,  
 Save for this echoing cry that, weird and faint,  
 Steals through the bush wherein the shadows creep.

It seems to bring to his disordered brain  
 The fevered past and ghosts of long ago;  
 While hand in hand come gliding in their train  
 A youth and maid with happiness aglow.

How fair she looks! How trustingly her eyes  
 Are turned to meet the ones that on her gaze;  
 How well she reads the love that in them lies  
 And marks the rapture in those burning rays.

The picture fades, and in its place appears  
A lonely man with cold, distrustful face,  
Who scoffs at women, speaks of love with sneers,  
And damns with bitterest hate the human race.

The maiden! Ah, the wanderer turns and groans—  
What poignant sorrow lurks beneath the thought?  
He hears a fallen woman's anguished moans,  
And sees the ruin that the years have wrought.

An aimless life! Ambition warped and dead,  
A roving vagabond in Southern seas;  
By women shunned, to wild adventure wed,  
A stranded wreck in the Antipodes.

Coo-ee! coo-ee! coo-ee! is heard the cry,  
And in the morn the sheep go pattering past;  
But swerve in terror as they scamper by—  
For there, at rest, the exile lies at last.

**We All Know Her....Tom Masson....Clothier and Furnisher**

She warbled the soprano with dramatic sensibility,  
And dallied with the organ when the organist was sick;  
She got up for variety a brand-new church society, and  
Spoke with great facility about the new church brick.

She shed great tears of sorrow for the heathen immorality,  
And organized a system that would open up their eyes;  
In culinary clarity she won great popularity, and  
Showed her personality in lecturing on pies.

For real unvarnished culture she betrayed a great propensity;  
Her Tuesday-talks were famous, her Friday-glimmers great.  
She grasped at electricity with mental elasticity, and lectured  
With intensity about the marriage state.

But with the calm assurance of her wonderful capacity,  
She wouldn't wash the dishes, but she'd talk all day on rocks,  
And while she dealt on density, or space and its immensity,  
With such refined audacity, her mother darned the socks!

## THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARTH\*

The earth has been inhabited about twenty-two million years, and its vital history had been divided into six progressive periods: The primordial age, or formation of the first organisms (infusoria, zoöphytes, echinodermata, crustaceans, mollusks—a world of the deaf and dumb and almost blind), had not taken less than ten million years to go through its different phases. The primary age (fish, insects, more perfect senses, separate senses, rudimentary plants, forests of horse-tails and of tree ferns) had then occupied more than six million years. The secondary age (saurians, reptiles, birds, forests of coniferæ and cycadaceæ) in order to accomplish itself required two million three hundred thousand years. The tertiary age (mammifers, monkeys, superior plants, flowers, fruits and seasons) had lasted half a million years. The primitive human age, the time of national divisions, of barbarism and of militarism, had filled about three hundred thousand years; and the sixth age, that of intellectual humanity, had reigned for nearly two million years.

During that long succession of centuries the earth had grown older and the sun become colder. In the beginning of the ages the terrestrial globe was entirely covered by the waters of the ocean. Upheavals caused, first: islands, then vast continents, to emerge. The surface of evaporation diminished in extent; the atmosphere was saturated with less vapor, and could not so well preserve the heat received from the sun, so that a gradual decrease of temperature was brought about. During the first human age three-quarters of the globe was still covered by water, and the temperature remained as high. But from century to century a portion of the rain-water penetrated into the interior of the soil to the deep rocks and returned no more to the ocean, the quantity of water diminished, the level of the sea was lowered, and the atmospheric vapor afforded only an insufficiently protecting screen to the nocturnal radiation. There resulted a slow, century-long decrease in temperature, then a spreading of the ice, which at first covered only the high mountains and

\* This strong bit of imaginative writing, based on the studies of modern science, is a selection from "The Last Days of the Earth," by Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, in the *Contemporary Review*, for May.

the polar regions, but little by little invaded the temperate regions and insensibly lowered the line of perpetual snow.

On the other hand, the sun, the source of all light and all heat, radiating perpetually without an instant of cessation, in the centre of cold, obscure, and empty space, slowly lost the calorific power which caused the earth to live. Of an electric and almost bluish white, saturated with incandescent hydrogen, during the geological periods which witnessed the appearance of terrestrial life, it gradually lost that dazzling whiteness, to acquire the color, perhaps apparently warmer, of glittering gold, and such was its real color during the first three hundred thousand years of human history. It then became yellower and even reddish, consuming its hydrogen, oxidizing itself, metallizing itself. This slow transportation of its photosphere, the increase of its spots, the diminution of its protuberant eruptions, brought about a correlative decrease in the emission of its heat.

In consequence of these various causes the terrestrial temperature had, from century to century, become lower. The geographical aspect of the globe had metamorphosed itself, the sea having several times taken the place of the land, and *vice versâ*, the extent of the sea having considerably diminished, and having been reduced to less than a quarter of what it was at the advent of humanity. The seasons which had begun in the tertiary age had perpetuated themselves through the centuries, but with a decreasing intensity for the summer heat. Climates insensibly approached each other near the equator; the glacial zones (boreal and austral) inexorably forced back the temperate zones to the place of the ancient torrid zone. Warm valleys and equatorial regions alone were habitable. All the rest was frozen.

From century to century humanity had attained forms of exquisite beauty, and no longer worked materially. A network of electricity covered the globe, producing at will all that was needed. It was then a unified race, entirely different from the rude and heterogeneous races that had characterized the first period. Doubtless the absolute equality dreamed of by the poets had not been attained, and there was still superior and inferior beings, seekers and indifferent men, active and inactive men, but there were no more scandalous unfortunates nor irremediable miseries.

About the year 2,200,000 after Jesus Christ, the last great

focus of human civilization shown in the centre of equatorial Africa, in the brilliant city of Suntown, which had been several times resurrected from its ashes. It was more than a hundred thousand years since the spots where Paris, London, Rome, Vienna, and New York had existed were buried beneath the ice.

The capital of this aristocratic republic had attained the last limits of a luxurious and voluptuous civilization. Leaving far behind it the childish amusements of Babylon, of Rome, and of Paris, it had thrown itself heart and soul into the most exquisite refinements of pleasure and enjoyment, and the results of progress, the achievements of science, art, and industry had, during several centuries, been applied to raising all the joys of life to their maximum of intensity. Electricity, perfumes, music, kept the senses in a state of over-excitement, so that under the brilliant light of enchanting nights, as beneath the veiled shadows of the day, the nervous system could no longer find a moment's rest, and about their twenty-fifth year men and women dropped dead of total exhaustion. They had only perceived the increasing coldness of the planet and the approach of an eternal winter in order to maintain about themselves a warm and oxygenized atmosphere, milder and more exciting than the old breezes from the woods and prairies, in order to live more rapidly. The elegance of costumes, the beauty of form, had gradually risen to an unexpected perfection, in consequence of a passional selection, which seemed to have no other object than happiness. Henceforward, young girls, who from their early spring became devotees of pleasure, were no longer destined to attain the opulent form of summer. Wives no longer became mothers unless by accident. Besides, some of the women of the lower classes alone remained in condition to undertake the duties of motherhood, fashion having for some time been able to suppress the necessity in the upper social sphere.

Then it was seen that the women of the lower classes were the first to feel the deadly effects of invading cold, and the day came when it was recognized that amid the enjoyment of pleasure no woman was a mother or could become one.

They no longer wished the inconveniences of maternity, which had so long been left to the inferior women, and they reigned in all the splendor of their unblemished beauty. When a law proclaimed that the entire fortune of the republic would be given to the first women who would give birth



to a child, it was only then they understood the irreparable misfortune that had befallen the last inhabitants of earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas! the entire earth had disappeared beneath snow and ice. Everywhere the desert, everywhere solitude, everywhere silence. Snow followed snow, hoar-frost followed hoar-frost. An immense shroud covered the continent and the seas. Sometimes a solitary peak arose above the frozen ocean; sometimes a dismantled ruin, a spire, a tower, marked the site of a banished city. Even tombs and graveyards were no longer to be perceived; ruins themselves were destroyed. Everywhere nothingness, ice, silence. Days followed days, and every night the red disc of the sun set behind the white plain which slowly, at twilight, took the violet tints of death.

The last human couple, Omegar and Eva, hovered above the regions formerly watered by the Nile, henceforth frozen. They perceived the great pyramid, ruined, but still standing. The first monument of humanity, this testimony to the antiquity of civilization, was still standing. Its geometric stability had saved it. It was perhaps the only human idea that had attained its end. Created by Cheops to eternally protect his royal mummy, this tomb had survived the revolutions which had destroyed all else. The last man had come to join the first king and shelter himself beneath his shroud.

But the wind of the tempest was blowing again. A fine powdery snow was spreading over the immense desert.

"Let us stop here and rest," said Eva, "since we are condemned to death; and, besides, who has not been? I wish to die in peace in thine own arms."

Seated in a cavity among the ruins, they contemplated the endless space covered with powdery snow.

The young woman crouched feverishly, holding her husband in her arms, trying to struggle with her energy against the invasion of the cold that penetrated her. But the wind and the tempest had resumed their sway, and the fine snow beat in clouds around the pyramid.

"My beloved," he resumed, "we are the last inhabitants of the earth, the last survivors of so many generations. What remains of all the glories, of all the countries, of all the works of the human mind; of all the sciences, of all the arts, of all the inventions? The entire globe is at this moment only a tomb covered with snow."

"Yes," she said, "I have heard of the beauties who reigned over the hearts of kings. Love, beauty, all must end. I love you, and I die. Oh! how I would have loved that dear treasure, the one who will never live. But no, we must not die; No! . . . Come, I am no longer cold. Let us walk."

Her feet, already frozen and benumbed, had become inert. She tried to rise and fell back.

"I seem to be sleepy," she said. "Oh, let us sleep."

And throwing her arms around Omegar, she pressed her lips to his. The young man lifted her beautiful form and laid her on his knees. She was already asleep.

"I love you," he said. "Sleep, I shall watch over you."

Then his fixed gaze, shining with a last light, lost itself in a search for the unknown in the desolate gray sky and in the silent and endless plain. No sound came to trouble the death of nature; the snow wind alone moaned around the pyramid, and seemed to wish to awaken the old Pharaoh sleeping in its depths for so many million years.

Suddenly the noise of footsteps and moans was heard, lost in the distance. Was it some lethargic awakening in the interior of the monument? Was it a heavy bird, thrown by the tempest against the dismantled steps? Was it some polar bear come with the snow? The noise ceased. A joyful cry sounded, and with one bound a dog, broken by fatigue, jumped on the sleeping couple. It was Omegar's long-lost dog.

He called his master and mistress, licked their face and hands, and covered them with his body to warm them. But they did not awake.

And the snow continued to fall in a fine powder on to the entire surface of the earth.

And the earth continued to turn on its axis night and day, and to float through the immensity of space.

And the sun continued to shine, but with a reddish and barren light. But long afterward it became entirely extinguished, and the dark terrestrial cemetery continued to revolve in the night around the enormous invisible black ball.

And the stars continued to scintillate in the immensity of the heavens.

And the infinite universe continued to exist with its billions of suns and its billions of living or extinct planets.

And in all the worlds peopled with the joys of life, love continued to bloom beneath the smiling glance of the Eternal.

## BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY DOINGS

The Speaker, of London, calls attention to the sudden popularity of volumes of short stories in America and England: "A year ago it was one of the dicta of the Savage Club that an author might as well offer a horse unbuttered stones as a publisher a volume of short stories; now they are issuing from the press thick and threefold". . . . Frederic Harrison has written a book on the Parthenon and its marbles, of which he has been a lifelong student; it will contain biographies of Phidias and Ictinus. . . . The Routledges are to publish, in cheap form, all the 100 books named in Sir John Lubbock's Best Hundred Books; in an introductory note to the series Sir John gives the result of his analysis of the criticisms upon his list: "I find that, while 300 or 400 names have been proposed for addition, only half a dozen are suggested for omission; moreover, it is remarkable that not a single book appears in all the lists, or even in half of them, and only about half a dozen in more than one". . . . "We do not understand," says the London Spectator, "why the conductors of serious magazines still admit papers by Count Leo Tolstoi; not only is his genius dead, but so is his power of expression". . . . Camden Curwen, translator and adapter of Bourget's *What is Love?* in Worthington's Rose Library, is also an inventor of uncommon ability; his latest invention is a practical portable sawmill which, it is claimed, will revolutionize the destruction of forests. . . . The highest price, \$1,000, ever paid to any Catholic author by a Catholic magazine, was received by Maurice Francis Egan, from the editor of *The Rosary*, the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O.P., for his new novel, *A Marriage of Reason*. . . . Prof. Borden P. Bowne's work on the Philosophy of Theism has recently been translated into the Japanese language, and will soon be published in Japan. . . . Rev. Francis Bellamy, a brother of "Looking Backward" Bellamy, has resigned his Boston pastorate to take an editorial position upon the *Youth's Companion*. . . . Barthélemy St. Hilaire, the French savant and translator, who, after fifty-nine years of labor, has finished his translation of Aristotle, a work in thirty-five volumes, and whose opinion should carry weight, has not a doubt as to the authenticity of the recently-discovered work of Aristotle on the

city of Athens....Two hundred trade journals are published in New York City....Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist, returning to London from her winter sojourn at Montreaux, Switzerland, found on arrival that the enterprising firm of publishers has made her the offer of \$10,000 for the year's serial and three volume rights of her next novel, before a line of it is written....W. J. Linton, well known both as a wood engraver and a poet, was in his younger days quite intimate with Mazzini and other distinguished continental exiles in England; he then published a periodical called *The English Republic*, and some of his contributions are soon to be issued under that title in book form....The most distinguished literary woman in Rome is the Countess Lovatelli....The demand for *Over the Ocean*, a volume of European travel that has come to be considered "guide, philosopher, and friend" to tourists, must be gratifying to its author, Mr. Curtis Guild, as well as the publishers, Lee & Shepard, who recently put the fifteenth thousand to press....Homer Greene, the poet-lawyer of Honesdale, Pa., has won \$1,700 in literary prizes....In an article on American literature, in *The National Review*, William Sharp, the well-known poet and critic, speaks of Henry M. Alden's book, *God in His World*, as "the most noteworthy book of a religious kind (in style as well as in substance) published in England or in America for many years; marked by subtlety and depth of insight, as well as by breadth of thought, and distinguished by a style of singular charm, it is an oasis indeed in the monotonous wilderness of religious literature in general"....George Meredith will publish some translations from the *Iliad* with English hexameters....Maurice Thompson, who has been living for several winters at Bay St. Louis, Miss., is engaged on a historical novel dealing with the period of the War of 1812; a description of the battle of New Orleans is to be one of the features of the book....Under the title, *A Poet's Last Songs*, have recently been collected a score of sonnets and lyrics, left unpublished at the time of his death by the late Henry Bernard Carpenter....The literary critic of *The Independent*, on reading Ouida's discussion of the question, *Has Christianity Failed?* in the *North American Review*, is reminded by it of a monkey examining a watch....Hall Caine, the novelist, will publish shortly his *Royal Institution lectures on The Little Manx Nation*, and his dramatic work

Mahomet, a Tragedy.... The sales of Eugene Field's *Little Book of Western Verse* and *Little Book of Profitable Tales* have reached about 13,000 copies since their publication a few months ago.... The New York *Tribune* says of George Macdonald's new book, *A Rough Shaking*: "It is a touching story, and one which is in reality a sermon in its portraiture of a Christ-like life; such a character as its young hero's is perhaps not to be found in this workaday world, but who shall say it is impossible? for an absolute following of the teachings of Christ may yet be seen to result in the noble type prefigured in Macdonald's *Clare* and in *Sir Gibbie*".... The late Edmond Dehault de Pressensé left, among other writings, *The Critical School* and *Jesus*, which has been regarded as one of the most effective replies ever made to Renan's *Life of Jesus*.... That capital little story of Nihilism, *Mademoiselle Ixe*, by Lanoe Falconer, the first volume of the Cassell's *Unknown Series*, has reached its tenth thousand; the author sent to the editor of *Free Russia* a check for \$50 for the funds of the Society of Friends of Russia; it was the first money she received from her book.... The life of the famous preacher, Charles G. Finney, president of Oberlin College, was recently added to the series of *American Religious Leaders*; it is written by Professor George Frederick Wright, of Oberlin.... The most clear, able, popular work of science published for many years is Appleton's *School Physics*; it embraces the results of most recent researches in the several departments of natural history; admirably conceived, written, and illustrated, it is interesting as reading aside from its value as a text-book.... F. A. Davis, of Philadelphia, has issued an excellent little book, by Dr. William M. Capp, on *The Daughter, Her Health, Education, and Wedlock*; the subject is treated clearly, concisely, and with the ability that comes from full knowledge.... Theodore de Banville, upon whose poems Andrew Lang has such an interesting paper in his new volume of *Essays in Little*, died recently at the age of sixty-eight.... The Duc de Broglie has placed the original manuscript of the Talleyrand memoirs in the hands of Calmann Levy, in order to show the public that they were written by M. de Bacourt himself and not by Gyp, the novelist and journalist, otherwise known as the Comtesse de Martel de Janville.... John Clark Ridpath, the eminent college professor and historian, was honored at Greencastle,

Ind., recently by a public observance of his fiftieth birthday anniversary; the affair was conducted mainly by the authorities of De Pauw University. . . . The Boston Transcript says: "No more morbid or unwholesome book has been published in the last ten years than the *Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff*; it does not contain a single great thought or exhibit a noble impulse" . . . . A recent valuable text-book, a venture into a new field of literary helpers, is F. Horace Teall's excellent hand-book, *The Compounding of English Words*; it shows when and why joining or separation is preferable, with concise rules and alphabetical lists. . . . Mr. Wicksteed, a Queen's counsel at Ottawa, who brought out a volume, entitled *Waifs in Prose*, two years ago, when he was ninety years old, is now at work upon another book. . . . Bronson Howard, author of *The Henrietta*, *Shenandoah*, and other successful plays, says of Professor Hennequin's *Art of Playwriting*, recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: "If I were an American manager I should ask every novice who offered me a manuscript if he had read your work; if not, I should request him to do so, and afterward send me a 'revised copy;' I should make this an absolute condition of reading it" . . . . Mrs. Augusta Prescott, who is known, to the newspaper readers, as Carrie Careless, is a widow of a prominent scientist and professor of natural history at an educational institution in Albany; she has a department in Harper's *Young People* and also edits the woman's department in the *New York World* . . . . Prof. Robertson Smith has undertaken to edit a new *Dictionary of the Bible* . . . . Some excitement has been created in literary circles in Spain by the announcement that a learned bibliophile, Don Fabian Hernandez of Santander, "has discovered the original of this immortal work, and avails himself of such discovery to reproduce it as Cervantes penned it, freed from the corruptions of copyists, commentators, and printers" . . . . The Brooklyn Times justly praises the Rev. H. W. Hutchinson's popular illustrated geological history, *The Autobiography of the Earth*, in these words: "We can recall no book that offers the facts of geological history with so much admirable tact, in such excellent proportion, or in such stimulating general quality" . . . . Last year 4,559 books were published in this country, and nearly one-quarter of them (1,118) were the works of fiction. . . . *Brave Love*, a little poem which James Whitcomb Riley recently said was his



favorite, but whose author he did not know, has been identified by an Oregon woman as the work of Mary Kyle Dallas . . . . The valuable Cyclopædia of Temperance and Prohibition, just issued by Funk & Wagnalls, contains 671 pages, and is excellently printed and substantially bound; in scope, it thoroughly meets the requirements, all branches of the topic—historical, moral, religious, fiscal, statistical, legislative, political, biographical, scientific, etc.—being adequately treated; the tone is dispassionate; and, as is essential in a cyclopædia, the controlling object is invariably to give information with completeness and attractiveness. . . . The entire literary labor of Zola, not including *L'Argent* (of which 66,000 copies were sold in Paris, in two months) and some inferior compositions of his youth, is comprised in 1,075,000 volumes; he receives, on an average, about £4,000 for his books, while their sale to the newspapers in feuilleton form before publication brings him in over £1,200 for each work . . . . The Boston Courier says of George Meredith's new novel, *One of the Conquerors*: "A novel from the pen of George Meredith is a literary event of no small importance; the story, one of modern English life, is a problem not unlike that of George Eliot's life; there is on every page some trace of the unfailing humor, dry, unique, and delightful, of which Meredith is so completely the master" . . . . It is understood that a new convert to the tenets of Buddhism is Justin Huntley McCarthy, the son of the Irish leader. . . . A recent English work on Tennyson's poetry shows how thoroughly Tennyson's writings are saturated with Biblical knowledge; it gives nearly 500 Biblical allusions, the quotation being given together with the piece from which it is taken and the page in the last edition of Tennyson's collected works (Macmillan), the Scripture passage alluded to being also indicated. . . . Eugene Field is writing a novel to be entitled *The Wooing of Miss Woppit*; the scenes of the story are laid among the mining camps of Red Horse Mountain. . . . The London Spectator thinks that Sidney Lanier will yet be regarded as one of the greatest of American poets. . . . The late Mme. Anna C. Lynch Botta was the first woman to institute literary salons in New York; to her house came Margaret Fuller, the Cary sisters, Tuckerman, Dr. Griswold, Willis, Bayard Taylor, and many others. . . . The *Fidalgos of Casa Mourisca* is a Portuguese novel, written twenty years ago by Gomes Colebo, a

popular author" in his own country, under the nom-de-plume of Julia Diniz; the New York Tribune says of a recent translation of the book: "It proves that Portuguese fiction in its higher rank has no apologies to make or allowances to claim in competing with the literature of other countries".... In *La Guerre*, the study of humanity on which M. Zola is now engaged, there are no female characters.... Herbert Spencer is now a man of seventy, though he looks ten years younger; he is of medium stature, and his head is bald, except for a thin fringe of hair; he has an aquiline nose, a ruddy skin, and an intellectual face.... The Chicago Inter-Ocean says of *A New Aristocracy*, the recent successful labor-novel: "Birch Arnold, its author, has won a reputation as one of the popular novelists of the day; *A New Aristocracy* is a broad, sympathetic plea for a better spirit of co-operation or helpfulness socially and financially; it will undoubtedly be popular with the masses, and should receive the attention of all who class themselves students of the labor problem".... Miss Anna Sewall is said to have conceived the idea of writing the famous book, *Black Beauty*, while driving a guest to the station, who quoted to her from an essay on animals by Dr. Howard Bushnell, of Hartford; for many years she felt that "it was worth while to try, at least, to bring the thoughts of men more into harmony with the purposes of God on this subject".... Renan's third volume of the *History of the People of Israel* is nearly ready for publication.... Speaking of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, William Dean Howells says: "His Rhymes of Childhood take themselves quite out of the category of ordinary verse, and refuse to be judged by the usual criterions; the fact is our Hoosier poet has found lodgment in people's love, which is a much safer place for any poet than their admiration".... Vladimir Korolenko, the talented Russian writer, author of *The Blind Musician* and other stories, is now a prisoner in the gloomy fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul; his arrest is due to a series of articles entitled *In Deserted Places*.... Capt. Casati's recent book, *Ten Years in Equatoria*, has had great popularity on the Continent; within two weeks of publication 18,000 copies had been sold in Germany alone; the French edition and the Spanish, for Spanish and South American use, are circulating widely, while Scandinavian, Hungarian, and Russian translations are in preparation; of the Italian edition 10,000 copies have been sold; 4,725 were taken

on one day; all told, it is estimated that no less than a hundred thousand copies of Casati's work are now in circulation in different parts of the earth....Marion Crawford has already put out two stories this year, and his third is in type and will be called Khaled....Augustin Birrell, M.P., author of *Obiter Dicta*, in a recent lecture, said that there were 21,000,000 printed books in the public libraries of Europe, while in America the number was 50,000,000....T. V. Powderly has written and published a book entitled *Thirty Years' Labor, 1859-89*, which is a comprehensive history of the labor movement and a useful contribution to the economic literature of the day....Señor Galdos, the Spanish novelist, has just published a new story entitled *Angel Guerra*; he is described as a modest and retiring man who works hard while actually engaged upon his stories, but as soon as his last sheets are in the printer's hands, or at any time when he feels a desire for change, he works at a sewing-machine; he has a special fondness for hemming handkerchiefs....Christopher P. Cranch, the poet, has written his biography for the benefit of his children and grandchildren, which doubtless some day may be published in book form....When Wemyss Reid approached his task of writing the life of Lord Houghton, he found awaiting him no less than 30,000 letters....The valuable zoölogical articles contributed by Prof. E. Ray Lankester to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* have been collected into a volume, together with kindred articles by Profs. Jollas, Von Graff, Hubrecht, Bourne, and Herdman....Henry F. Keenan, the supposed author of *The Money-Makers* and the acknowledged author of *The Aliens*, and *Trajan*, has written a new novel entitled *The Iron Game*: the time of this dramatic story is the first year of the war, and Mr. Keenan, who served as a private soldier, presents some graphic sketches of scenes at Washington and Bull Run, as witnessed from the private soldier's point of view....F. Hopkinson Smith's serial story, *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*, recently completed in the *Century*, is to be dramatized....The unpublished novel by Carlyle found by the *Pall Mall Gazette* is pronounced fearfully stupid; it is called *Wotton Reinfred*, but has been renamed, by the *Hartford Courant*, "*Wotton Infliction*"....Ellen Terry has commenced her *Reminiscences*, in an English magazine, under the title of *Stray Memories*....The successful competitor for the first prize of \$300 offered by the Amer-

ican Economic Association for the best monograph on Women Wage Earners is Miss Clare de Graffenried, of the United States Bureau of Labor; the second prize of \$200 goes to Miss Helen Campbell, whose writings are well known.... Edward Abbott Parry, editor of the delightful Letters of Dorothy Osborne, has written a life of Charles Macklin for William Archer's series of Eminent Actors.... Herbert Ward, the husband of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, has finished a book on college life at Amherst.... David A. Wells, the well-known writer on free-trade, of Norwich, Conn., has received a gold medal from the jury on social and economic matters of the French Exposition of 1889, in recognition of his contributions to economic science and literature.... William Morton Fullerton's recent article, Impressions in Cairo, in the English Illustrated Magazine, with some clever drawings by Mr. Percy Anderson, will come out in book form from the Macmillans, with additions of drawings by Hamilton Aidé.... Thomas Nelson Page says that the Century kept his story, Marse Chan, four years before publishing it.... De Wolfe, Fiske & Co. will publish shortly the second series of Adirondack Tales, and Cones from the Camp Fire, both by W. H. H. Murray.... Lord Randolph Churchill intends to write a book about his journey to Mashonaland, in South Africa; it will first appear in the form of twenty letters to the London Graphic, for which he will be paid \$10,000 or \$500 each.... The French Society of Men of Letters, which held its convention in Paris recently, has a pension fund of \$300,000 for old and indigent members; its whole property is worth between \$500,000 and \$600,000; its annual expenditures are \$100,000, or about \$5,000 less than its receipts; the administrative committee for three years is Zola, Arnould, Cim, Gaulot, Pastard, Normand, Hue, and Thiandiere.

---

See Book List on front advertising pages.

---

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
 When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
 When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
 When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.